

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

HOWARD, AINSLEE & CO. PUBLISHERS

81 Fulton Street New York

P. O. Box 1075

IMPORTANT: Copyright, 1898, by Howard, Ainslee & Co. All rights reserved

5 CENTS per Copy Vol. I No. 6 By Yearly Subscription 50 cents

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT NEW YORK P. O., N. Y.

CONTENTS FOR JULY 1893

		PAGE.
COVER DESIGN	"Hoisting the Colors" <i>Drawn by Warren B. Davis</i>	
FRONTISPIECE	"My Daughter" <i>Painted by Henry Mosler</i>	
OUR CITIZEN SAILORS	Sketch <i>Illustrated</i>	LEWIS COLEMAN 487
THE PLAZA OF CIENFUEGOS A SPANISH NAVAL GUNNER	<i>Unpublished Photographs</i>	494
SPANISH SAILORS TAKING A SIESTA		495
THE HERO OF MANILA	Thanksgiving Ode <i>Illustrated with Portrait of Admiral Dewey</i>	496
THE BLUE "NIGGER"	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	OPIE READ 497
COLUMBIA PUTS HER GLITTERING ARMOR ON	Ode	ROBERT BURNS WILSON 502
THE VOICE THAT WAS STILL	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	STANLEY J. WEYMAN 503
AFTER THE MOVING	Essay	TUDOR JENKS 512
THE CREAM OF THE MILKING	Poem <i>Illustrated</i>	RALPH GRAHAM TABER 514
SONS OF BEDLAM	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	THEODORE MILLER 516
DALE, GOD'S CHILD	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	WARREN McVEIGH 523
AIRSHIPS FOR WAR PURPOSES	Sketch <i>Illustrated</i>	ARTHUR FIELD 527
THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE	Sketch <i>Illustrated</i>	RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON 530
SOLDIERS OF THE SEA	Sketch <i>Illustrated</i>	HENRY HARRISON LEWIS 534
THE MAKING OF SMALL ARMS	Sketch <i>Illustrated</i>	THEODORE DREISER 540
MISER TOM	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	FRANK H. SWEET 549
THE GREAT COMMONER	<i>An Appreciation of Gladstone—With Portrait.</i>	JOHN GIBLON 554
MEN AND MATTERS LITERARY	<i>An American Classic by William Lightfoot Visscher</i> <i>An Honest Novelist by Richard Duffy</i> <i>Book Reviews</i>	557
THE PUBLISHER'S CORNER		503

All MSS. submitted to the Editor for consideration must be typewritten and bear the name and address of the Author, and be accompanied by stamps, otherwise they will not be read or returned. All Drawings submitted must also bear the name and address of the forwarder, and must be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of return. MSS. and Drawings should be addressed to HOWARD, AINSLEE & COMPANY, 81 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.



"MY DAUGHTER"

(Painted by Henry Mosler)

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. 1

JULY 1898

No. 6

OUR CITIZEN SAILORS

BY

LEWIS COLEMAN

IT is not often that liberal America copies conservative England, but the adoption in this country of the British idea of a naval militia has proved, under present circumstances, to be of great practical benefit. We are to-day witnessing the triumphal outcome of an experiment.

When an order went out from Washington in April for a battalion of the New York Naval Militia to proceed immediately to Philadelphia and bring the Nahant, one of the old-time war monitors, to New York for harbor defense, many busy citizens of this great republic opened their eyes. They knew, of course, that

there was an organization called the Naval Militia, the members of which wore natty uniforms, gave some rather interesting drills, and went off every summer for a free trip aboard some of Uncle Samuel's crack warships, but they did not quite comprehend how a number of yachtsmen were going to manage that battle-scarred monitor. Had these citizens but a faint idea of the training which the Naval Militia has received for the last half-dozen years, they need not have been surprised at Uncle Sam's order nor at its successful execution.

The Naval Militia is a volunteer



Lieut. Commander Miller and Staff

organization, whose value to the navy and the country in time of war cannot be overestimated. The scope of the organization is naturally limited to the States bordering on the seacoast and the Great Lakes. Theodore Roosevelt, late As-

sistant Secretary of the Navy, in his last report, said that "the Naval Militia in the event of a sudden emergency could be used at once for manning the smaller cruisers; it could be depended upon mainly to man a second line of defense, and it would also be of much use in placing mines and signal stations for coast defense." That the secretary's confidence was not misplaced is proved in the crisis of to-day, when we find Naval Militiamen manning harbor defense monitors,



Recreation Between Watches

signal stations, auxiliary cruisers, and the small vessels of the mosquito fleet, generally under their own officers. The work is difficult, dangerous, and very important, and so far has been so well done that the country is echoing with

the praises of the citizen sailors and wondering what it would have done without them. "And how have these tradesmen, clerks, mechanics, etc., become such efficient man-o'-war's men?" is a question heard on all sides. We shall endeavor to answer it.

The Navy Department has made a practice of assigning some of the older vessels to the various naval brigades, to be used as training ships. In addition to regular drilling throughout the year, the bri-



An Officer of the "Chicago" Instructing a Gun's Crew

gades go on a cruise each summer, at which times the men are drilled in all the duties of the navy. A reference to the last tour of duty of the New York Naval Militia will give an idea of how Uncle Sam trains his reserves:

The First Battalion was transported on Navy tugs to Tompkinsville, where it was divided on the *Massachusetts* and *Texas*, each militiaman having a regular blue jacket for a running mate and doing just as he did. The two warships started for Fisher's Island as soon as all the men were aboard. The programme included instruction in the different parts of the ship in great guns and ordnance; special details were instructed in the use of torpedoes on board the U. S. torpedo boat *Ericsson*; exercise in abandoning ship, arming and away all boats, clearing ship



Letters Home

for action, signaling, lectures, etc. So well did the men and officers perform their work that Captain F. J. Higginson, U. S. N., of the *Massachusetts*, speaking for his fellow-officers, frankly stated that they had been sorry at first to see the militia come aboard, the crew being particularly averse to being crowded by a party of landlubbers and apprentices; but the visitors had not been aboard a day when the regulars discovered that they were deft, skilful sailormen, stout-hearted, lithe and active, having a clear insight into the duties of a man-o'-war's man.

The Second Battalion embarked in small boats on the same day that the First made its start, and forming in double column, were towed up Long Island Sound by steam launches to Sands Point,



Target Practice—Watching a Shot



The Landing Drill—Disembarking

where the first camp was established.

Later the First and Second Battalions united at Fort Hamilton for joint exercises, under Captain J. W. Miller, the brigade commander. After being reviewed by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and some State officers, the former addressed the men. "Some of you are already so proficient in naval duties," he said, "that I should not hesitate to trust one of our warships in your sole charge. I shall try to do this next year, but such a trust will only be given to the best of the Naval Militia of the country," explaining afterward that his idea was to make up an entire crew from the older battalions of the Naval Militia from all over the country, with the exception of the officer in command of the vessel and probably the chief engineer.

During the last cruise of the Massachusetts Naval Brigade, a detachment was engaged in locating signal stations on the coast from the New Hampshire line to Cape Ann, and to-day this same corps is manning those stations, so that the ar-

rival of hostile vessels at any point can be flashed or wig-wagged to Boston in a few minutes. The progress made in drill at the guns during the cruise was satisfactory, the target being struck repeatedly, and finally carried away by a shot from one of the after thirteen-inch guns.

The Maryland Naval Militia last underwent a week's course of instruction on the *U. S. S. Cincinnati*, off Tolchester Beach. The men, under supervision of the ship's officers, were made acquainted with the warship and given stations at the five and six-inch guns for battery drill, including instructions for taking care of wounded and fighting fire in action. There was also infantry drill, limited artillery practice with the Driggs-Schroeder rapid firing gun, setting-up drill, rowing, and instruction in fire and collision drill and abandoning ship, general quarters, etc. The *Cincinnati's* medical officer gave the men a talk on first aid to the injured, showing the different modes of treating wounded men and resuscitating drowned persons. The gun-



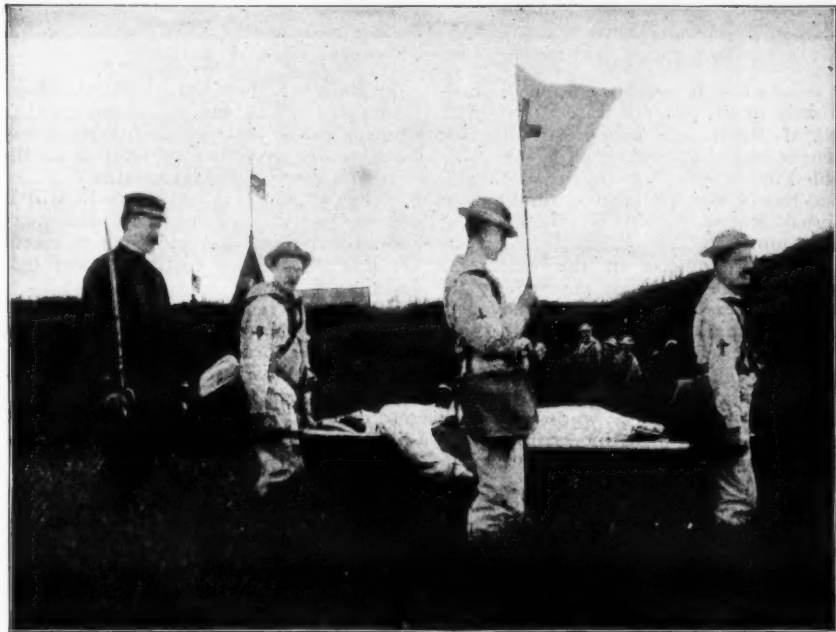
The Sham Battle—Crossing the Ravine

ner's division received instruction in the operation of torpedo tubes.

The First Naval Battalion of Louisiana chartered two large schooners for their last cruise, and also had the use of the *U. S. S. Montgomery*, on board which they were instructed in signaling, single sticks, artillery, infantry, small arm, secondary battery, and great gun practice.

The members of the Naval Militia of the seacoast towns have, of course, an advantage over their comrades of the Great

A few extracts from a report made by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt to Secretary Long last year may prove interesting: "The rapidity with which modern wars are decided renders it imperative to have men who can be ready for immediate use, and outside of the regular navy these men are only to be found in the Naval Militia of the various States. If a body of naval militia is able to get at its head some first-class man who is a graduate of Annapolis; if it puts under him as commissioned officers, warrant



The Sham Battle—Carrying off the Wounded

Lakes and the Mississippi, in that they can practice aboard Uncle Sam's crack warships out in the open sea, but the inland men have developed valuable specialities. The Second Illinois Battalion, for instance, on the upper Mississippi, can man the engine-room of most any steamship afloat, the organization including many engineers and machinists. The Illinois brigade also owns six big cutters built on Navy Department designs, two whaleboats, one gig, two dinghies, two steam launches, and one sailing vessel.

officers, and petty officers men who have worked their way up from grade to grade, year after year, and who have fitted themselves for the higher positions by the zeal and the painstaking care with which they have performed their duties in the lower places; and if the landsmen, ordinary seamen, and seamen go in resolutely to do real work and to learn their duties so that they can perform them as well as the regulars aboard our war vessels, taking pride in their performance accordingly as they are really difficult—such an organization will, in course of time, reach



After the Brigade Drill—The Start for the Beach

a point where it could be employed immediately in the event of war. Most of the Naval Militia are now in condition to render immediate service of a very valuable kind in what may be called the second line of defense. They could operate signal stations, help handle torpedoes and mines, officer and man auxiliary cruisers, and assist in the defense of points which were not covered by the army. There are numbers of advanced bases which do not come under the present scheme of army coast defense, and which would have to be defended, at any rate during the first weeks of war, by bodies of Naval Militia; while the knowledge they get by their incessant practice in boats on the local waters would be invaluable.

"Furthermore, the highest and best trained bodies could be used immediately on board the regular ships of war; this applies to the militia of the lakes as well as to the militia of the seacoast—and certainly no greater tribute is necessary to pay to the lake militia.

"Many of these naval battalions are composed of men who would not enlist in time of peace, but who, under the spur of war, would serve in any position for the first few most important months."

The strength of the Naval Militia before hostilities with Spain was 4,445 officers and enlisted men, but a recent rush of recruits has vastly increased that number.

When it is remembered that the members of the Naval Militia, outside of the higher officers, who are generally graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, are recruited from young men in the ordinary walks of life, who have their living to make as clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, etc., it seems almost incredible that they should have attained that degree of proficiency in a few years that enables them to go aboard a modern warship, with all its complex machinery and intricate detail, and operate it successfully, whether it be shoveling coal into glowing furnaces in heated engine-rooms—a test of physical endurance—looking



Shoving off

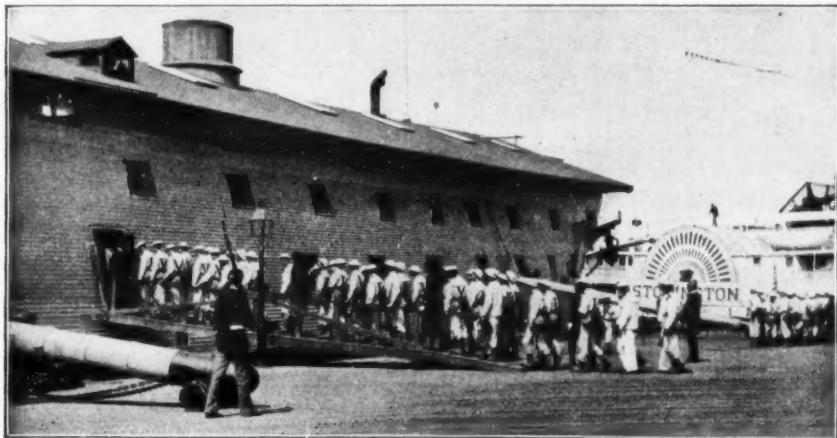


The Last Man Aboard

to the powerful yet delicate mechanism of the engines—steam, hydraulic, or electric, at the wheel, manning the big guns, taking the temperature in the magazines, dealing with the problems of navigation, or the thousand other duties to be attended to aboard a warship.

To be thus able to jump in and man Uncle Sam's ships has been the sole aim of the patriotic Naval Militia. For that

end they have done hard, mean, manual labor without a complaint; have borne in silence the jibes of the regular blue jackets for being landlubberly yachtsmen; of the landsmen for being "tin" sailors; have made untold sacrifices, seeking only to aid in their country's naval supremacy, and in Uncle Sam's fight with Spain, the Naval Militia has scored its triumph.



The End of the Cruise



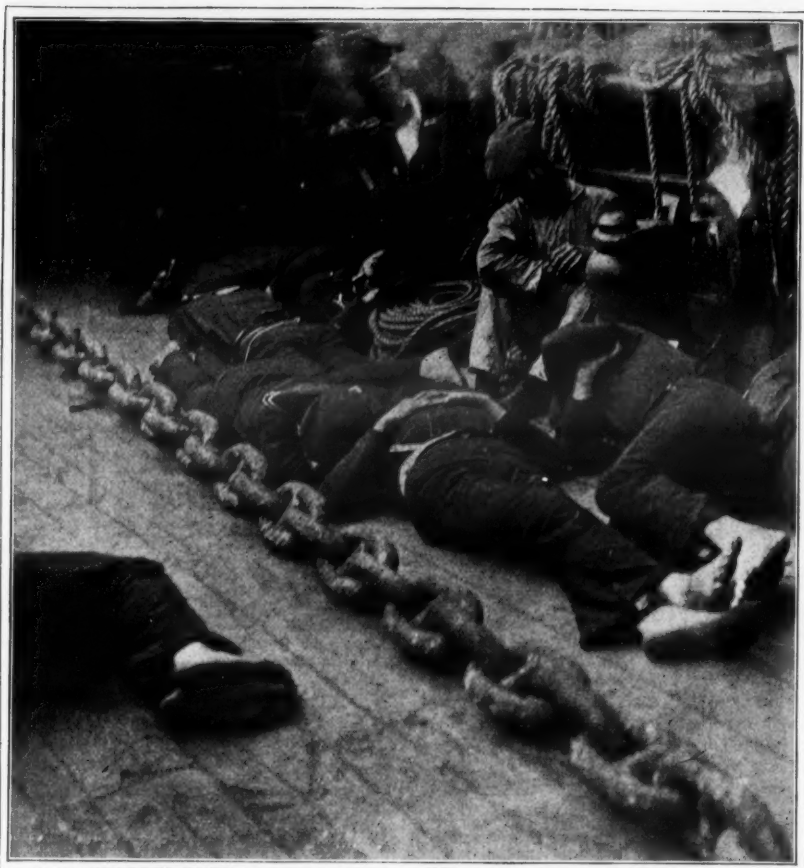
The Plaza, Cienfuegos, Cuba

Cienfuegos, or "City of a Hundred Fires," as the name means, is one of the four principal sea-ports of Cuba. It is located on Jagua Bay, on the south coast, and is a city of considerable importance.



A Spanish Naval Gunner

This illustration is interesting because of two very important facts regarding the Spanish national character. The face of the gunner in the picture is typical of that brutality, born in the bull-baiting arena, which has brought desolation to one of the fairest islands of the seas, and made the name Spanish synonymous of everything barbarous. The other point to be noticed is the condition of the rapid-fire gun; incrustated upon the training wheel and other parts is to be seen dried salt brine and rust. Such a woeful lack of discipline is a sufficient explanation for Spain's recent naval disasters.



Spanish Sailors Taking a Siesta

THE monotony of ship life in any navy has a tendency to make the crew emulate the example of the Seven Sleepers. "Calking Off," as it is termed in naval parlance, is indulged in every fine day by those who are temporarily free from duty. The name is derived from the shipwrights' work of tamping or calking the seams between the deck planks. To the mariner's mind the weight of his body has the effect of keeping the pitch in the seams, hence the term. The illustration above was made from a photograph taken one sunny afternoon on board a Spanish cruiser. *Ennui*, solar heat and an absence of diversion had resulted in making a siesta peculiarly attractive, and the broad space forward of the bridge was soon strewn with recumbent sleepers. It is easily to be seen from the illustration that poverty is not alone in making "strange bed fellows." To those accustomed to the softness of the modern bed, a hard pine deck and a coil of manila rope would seem entirely too uninviting, but these sons of the ocean are satisfied. A naval historian who gained his knowledge from practical experience, sums up the mariner's life during a three years' cruise as follows: "On duty six months, at the mess table four months, inebriated five months and asleep the balance of the time."



THE HERO OF MANILA

God of our country, Thee we sing:
 We thank Thee for the mighty day
 Which saw the fall of Cavité:
 Our humble gratitude we bring.
 Thy lavish hand we praised and knew,
 So laid our trust in Heav'n;
 But this, Thy latest bounty giv'n,
 Hath made our trustful hearts more true.

Up with the dawn our lads arose
 And breathed two thousand pray'rs to
 Thee.

For Dewey, Home and Victory
 A man could fight a hundred foes.
 Over the hidden hell beneath
 The squadron came and filled the bay,
 That the devil might have his lawful
 pay
 And the lamb be saved from the jackal's
 teeth.

And he who rode the Eastern main,
 Nor paused the Why or How to ask,
 Dewey, our son, knew duty's task
 And loosed the awful flaming rain.
 Then burst the proud foe's swollen
 pride:
 His vanquished fleet beneath the wave,
 His fort a silent gaping grave—
 Remorse was born: Resistance died.

In sleeping Asia's spreading sea,
 On that great morn of May's first
 day,
 Boomed the loud note at Cavité
 That hailed an infant Liberty.
 God of our country, God of the world,
 Our pray'r, that we may work Thy
 plan
 And do Thy will toward Asian man—
 The cause *Thy* cause, *our* flag unfurled.

THE BLUE "NIGGER"*

BY

OPIE READ

DURING many years the "colored" neighborhood of Scrub Oak had been under the domination of one religious sect. Other denominations had tried to get a foothold upon the sandstone foundation of this moral community, but humiliating defeat had always been the result. In general the "colored" brother is inclined to experiment with the Spirit. Like an adventurous ram he is wont to jump from pasture to pasture, to feed where the grass looks greenest. But this is due more to emotion than to changeableness of moral purpose. He has a soul to save and he wants it well saved. He is not so much influenced by the hope of a short cut to redemption as he is by a desire to establish a complete victory over sin. He is not satisfied with his cup of happiness well filled; it must run over with excess of joy. And so, he looks for a large cup. But in the Scrub Oak neighborhood he had long since ceased to explore the cupboard of spiritual speculation. He accepted the vessel handed to him by the Rev. Sampson Mathews, a tuneful singer to virtue and a mighty belloweer at sin. Sampson had been a cook on a Mississippi River steamboat. The boat blew up. Sampson was tossed high into the mists of a lowering day and then plunged into the river. He reached the shore uninjured. He accepted his ducking as a hint to preach the gospel. He organized a church and soon became popular. But he did not adopt that form of religion which baptizes by immersion. "It wa'n't de souse dat fotch me ter my religious senses," he said. "It wuz de water dat sprinkled down on me from de splash."

The keen point of fencing logic could not puncture this conviction. He was unconscious till the water sprinkled down in his face. His mind had returned to him, dripping as if out of the sky. And in each drop of water there was a command to preach, to cool with trickling water the hot head of erring man. His word became law. He was an absolute monarch. The first chicken of the early

spring was sent to his table. It was said that the arrogant cocks lowered their defiant combs when he passed along the road, and upon seeing him a savage dog had tucked his tail and run under the house. It seemed idle to question the supremacy of such a man. But one day there came to the neighborhood a blue-looking negro with a ducking head. He stopped at a house and said that he had come to establish a church. He was told to go on with his blasphemy or the dogs would be set upon him. He smiled.

"Dis is er free country," he said. "De time is dun past when er preacher kain't go whar he pleases. Frum er far I has been viewin' de need o' de reformation in dis place, an' I has fotch it. You folks has been sprinkled long ernuff. It is now time you wuz baptized. You may all look skeered, but I'se gwine t' preach. Oh, I knows dat er good many men has been run erway frum yere; I knows dat you folks blows yo' cold breaf on every new shoot dat comes up, but I has come ter plant new seeds frum de old tree an' I gwine stay yere an' water 'em."

He took from his pocket the pod of a honey locust tree and began to eat it. "Dis yere is de food dat de Baptist fed on. De uder men dat come in yere ter preach wuz friz out caze da didn't hab dis yere warm food o' de Riber o' Jordan. Lady," he went on, addressing the housewife who looked aghast upon him, "I doan come wid no evil in my mouf ergin de preacher man dat holds de fort on de hill up yander. I says let him preach. But de gospel is humble an' he dun got proud. De gospel wuz po' an' he got money. De gospel walked wid sore feet, but dis man rides er fine hoss."

"Go on wid you, go on," the woman cried. "You'll sholy be struck wid lightnin' ef you talks dis way. Whut Brudder Sampson got de Lawd has gib him."

The new preacher grunted contemptuously. "An' you mout say dat whut de high preast an' de Fairsee got de Lawd gib dem. An' you mout say dat de Lawd gib ter de Publican; but when he hit his



"Now whut you know 'bout dat blue upstart dat come yere?"

breast he didn't find no saved soul in it."

"Dis man is er talkin' sense," the woman's husband declared. "We has been er gettin' po'er an' po'er ever' year, an' Brudder Sampson he been er gittin' richer an' richer. Wharfo dat, Nancy?"

"Doan come tryin' ter p'int no p'int wid me," the woman replied. "Brudder Sampson feeds de flock, an' dat's all I needs ter know. An' I ain't yered no 'plaint erbout folks not gittin' ernuff. So, Mr. Preacher, go on erway. I'se feered ter talk ter you lessen I be hit wid lightnin'."

The preacher took his leave, but he did not quit the neighborhood. He had come to wrestle, and one fall could not frighten him. On the following day the people were astonished to find the following announcement stuck upon the trees: "Randsome Bowles will preach at de Gum Ford next Sunday. Be free ter act. Come one; come all." And soon the spirited horse ridden by Sampson was seen galloping along the road. The indignant minister drew rein at a house and called a woman whom he saw in the doorway. "Come yere, Sister Nancy." The woman came out to the fence. She hung her head. "Look up at me," said the preacher. She raised her timid eyes. "Now whut you know 'bout dat blue upstart dat come yere er foolin' wid de 'stablished gospel? Hah, whut erbout him?"

"Law me, Brudder Sampson, doan fur de sake o' de church come er p'intin' de finger o' 'spicion at po' me. De man

stopped yere at de house, but I driv him erway ez soon ez I could."

"Why didn't Dan, yo' husban', kick him out inter de road?"

She began to shift. "Why, Dan, he ain't been right well lately. He ain't eat much fur er week. Ef he had been er eatin' much I think he would er kicked him. I hopes you ain't gwine blame us, Brudder Sampson."

"Well," said the preacher, as he gathered rein to ride away, "I will forgib you dis time, but I want you ter un'erstan dat I wont put up wid no foolishness. An' I doan want you ter go down yander ter yere him preach, nuther."

When the time arrived there were but two persons to hear the new preacher, a man and a boy. They sat on a log and he preached as if a great congregation had assembled. He made a deep impression. The man and the boy went forth with stories of his eloquence. They said that he had the tongue of the old prophet. On the Sunday following there was a congregation of six, five men and a woman. The woman cried out that a new blaze of love had leaped up in her heart, and she shouted for joy. It was said that her husband beat her when she went home. The news flew about that Margaret Patterson had professed the new religion, and that Old John, her husband, had threatened to shoot the new preacher. Randsome Bowles changed his plans. He preached at night, and many a member of Sampson's church, itching with curiosity, hung about in the dark to listen. Samp-

son snorted, but the congregation of his rival continued to grow. But no one had been brave enough to join his church. After all it was but curiosity, and curiosity could not maintain a church. One morning, however, a startling announcement was stuck upon the trees. Margaret Patterson was to be baptized into the new church on a day two weeks off. But the great sensation came when Old John Patterson had the following notices stuck up: "I yereby gib warnin' dat I will shoot dat blue nigger on de bank o' de creek de minit he come outen de water wid my wife." And now the country was wild with excitement. A brother called on Sampson.

"Did you see dem notices on de trees?" the visitor asked.

The preacher nodded. "Yas, I seed 'em, an' da mean whut da say."

"Oh, I know dat, but what I want ter know is dis yere: Is you gwine to stop it ur let de blue man go ter deaf an' 'struction? You know whut de Lawd says."

"Yas, I know whut de Lawd says, an' it ain't fur you ter come er 'mindin' me o' dat fack. De Lawd says, ez I un'erstan' it, 'shed yo' blood fur de faif.' An' ef de blue nigger is so foolish ez ter want ter shed his blood fur his faif, all right. Ef he's so prone—jes' lissun at dat word ez you go erlong—I say ef he's so prone ter de faif dat calls fur much water, let him take de consequences. Ef he want ter gib his blood fur water it ain't no fault o' mine."

"But Brudder Sampson, it look mighty bad ter hab er preacher man shot down in our 'munity."

"Do it?" said Sampson, winking his eyes. "Ef you'se got de heart o' er sheep wharfo you try ter stan' up ez er soldier o' de cross? I'se erbout ter feel ershamed o' you."

The visitor went straightway to old John Patterson's house. The old fellow was hoeing in his garden. His wife was in the house humming a consoling tune.

"Mr. Patterson," said the caller, "I'se come—"

"So I see," Patterson broke in.

"I'se come, sah, on er 'pointant p'int."

"Is you?" said Patterson, leaning on the handle of his hoe.

"Yas, I is. I wants ter know ef you gwine shoot de blue nigger."

"I sho is ef he takes my wife down inter de water an' fetches her up outen de water. I doan b'lebe in dat sorter 'ligion, an' I ain't gwine let no creek run between my wife an' dis yere bosom. I lubs de lady, sah. I ain't had but two wives, an' now ez I'se gittin' sorter old I puts er high price on de present one. Yas, sah, an' I shoots de man dat makes de creek run between us. I'll walk up close ter him an' let him hab it wid er double barrel gun, an' you folks dat has seed me shoot birds er flyin' knows well ernuff dat I ain't gwine miss. But how come it so much ter you?"

"Wal, ter tell you de truth, I'se sorter tuck wid de man's preachin'. I never heard er pusson talk like him befo'. O' co'se da'll run him out atter while like da did de rest, but all de same de man talks wid er mighty sweet mouf. An' da tells me dat he eats locust an' wild honey."

Patterson shrugged and sniffed with contempt. "I doan kere ef he eats er banjo an' drinks de tea made outen er fiddle, he ain't got er mouf sweet ernuff ter charm me. An' I dun gib er fa'r warnin'. Ef he baptize my lady, I shoots him on de bank o' de creek dat he tries ter make run 'tween us. Doan you b'lebe me?"



"I wants ter know ef you gwine shoot de blue nigger?"



"I can truthfully say dat no 'vantage has been tuck o' me"

"I neber knowed you ter lie."

"An' you neber will. Tell all de folks. I has not made any -secret erbout it. I acts open ez de day"

The man sought the new preacher. He found him walking along the banks of the creek. The preacher looked up with a smile. "I'm jest erbout ter eat some wild locust," said he. "Won't you come an' jine me?"

"No," the man answered, trembling. "I'se erfeered ter eat dat food o' de gospel—feered de lightnin' mout hit me. Brudder, I has come ter talk ter you. I yered you preach, an' I doan want ter see no harm fall on you. Er lady named Margaret Patterson has j'ined yo' young church—de only member you'se got dis

fur, I un'er-tan'—an' de 'nouncement hab been made dat you is gwine baptize her in de creek at er time comin' toward us. Now I knows de husban' o' dat lady. I know he'll do whut he say, an' he 'lows dat ef you do he'll shoot you an' he kin hit er bird er flyin'. I knows you been brave erbout it—I seed yo' notices on de trees, but bein' brave doan keep er pusson frum gittin' killed. Huh, it often leads him ter his death. Now de baptizin' o' dat lady ain't gwine do you so powerful much good."

The blue "nigger" smiled. "What is your name, brother?"

"Doan you ricolleck me? My name's Dan, an' I is de husban' o' de lady war you stopped when you fust come yere."

"Oh, yas, an' yo' wife is named Nancy. How is Sister Nan?"

"Doan call her yo' sister, sah, fur she ain't. She ain't o' yo' faif. But I ain't yere ter talk erbout her, but ter beg you not ter baptize de lady Margaret."

"Brudder Dan, I must do my duty."

"But it ain't yo' duty ter git killed."

"Ef death is my duty I must take it."

"But how you know dat death is yo' duty?"

"I know it's my duty ter baptize de lady. De book tells me dat."

"Yas, sah, but wait erwhile. Doan be brash wid de lady."

"Brudder, de man wid weak knees ain't got no call ter carry de banner. I'se sent ter fight de battle erlong dis creek, an' I must take whuteber comes. I wishes you good-day. I must 'mune wid de sperit."

The day came. The air was full of a hushed noise. Toward the creek flocked the people of Sampson's church. Nothing could now keep them back. The officers of the law, constables who took communion at Sampson's table, declared that

they would not interfere with the proceedings of a baptizing. There was no help for the blue "nigger." The roosters crew at midnight to announce the coming of his bloody death. Red-gowned Fate had written in his dreadful book.

Along the road the lady Margaret walked alone. She looked happy. Not far behind came old John. He smiled, and what a smile. It looked like a sulphurous crack in a lump of hot coal. The blue "nigger" was singing when the lady Margaret arrived. He smiled, took her by the hand and led her to a seat upon a log. Old John came up and sat down near by, with his gun across his knees. The preacher took a gentle text and preached of love. He closed with a persuasive call for converts, but no one came forward. All eyes were fixed on old John, sitting there with his gun. The preacher sang a hymn. None save the lady Margaret had the courage to join him. Far to the edge of the crowd was seen the envious face of Sampson. He had come to see the blood of the usurper.

"Brudders an' sisters," said the blue "nigger," "it is now my duty an' my high pleasure ter baptize er lady dat is dear ter you all. I has been warned not ter do dis, an' I wants ter return my thanks fur de warnin'. I can truthfully say dat no 'vantage has been tuck o' me, an' I yereby declar' dat no matter whut happens nobody but me is ter blame. Death must come down de road an' meet us all sooner ur later. Ever' pusson on de road is er walkin' toward death, an' nobody is er walkin' de uder way. So whut is de use in tryin' ter dodge? Lady Margaret, is you ready ter go down inter de water?"

She looked back at her husband. It was evident that she was about to falter.

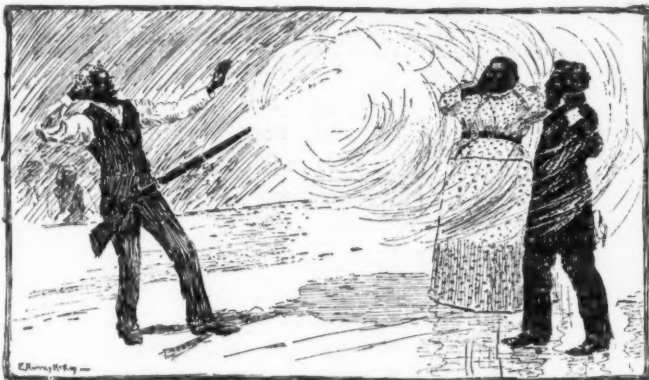
"Doan hesitate, sister," said the preacher.

"I am ready," she spoke up, coming forward. The preacher took her by the

hand and led her down into the water, singing. He baptized her, and both came singing out of the water. Old John sprang forward. A cry arose. The preacher did not halt nor did his tune falter on his lips. John raised his gun and fired both barrels full at the preacher's breast. The blue "nigger" did not wince. He said: "De Lawd saves His sarvents in His own way." The people dropped upon their knees.

"A miracle, a miracle!" they cried. Old John staggered off into the woods. They heard him groan in his misery. The preacher called for converts and all the men and women touched the ground with their knees. Loud shouts arose. The multitude was won over to the new preacher.

This occurred about a year ago. And now the blue "nigger" has the church



"De Lawd saves His sarvents in His own way"

that once belonged to Sampson. One night a white man called on the blue "nigger." "Randsome, you have won your bet," he said. "Tell me how you did it."

"Yas, sah, I has won my bet, an' I has done good at de same time. My doctrine is ter let everybody come in yere an' preach. I has made de gospel free 'roun' yere."

"But tell me how you did it. I won't say a word."

The blue "nigger" smiled. "Wal, sah, I gib dat nigger John an' his wife twenty dollars ter ack wid me. Dar wa'n't nuthin' but powder in his gun, you know. Huh, ef I had thought he drapped er shot in dar er deer couldn't er cotch me. Yas, sah. Old John an' his wife is powerful good actors. Da oughter go wid er show."

COLUMBIA PUTS HER GLITTERING ARMOR ON

BY

ROBERT BURNS WILSON

The poem "Remember the Maine" emphatically set Robert Burns Wilson on high as a war poet. It was no surprise, and yet a vindication. Those who had known Wilson were confident that along with his fine sympathy with Nature and his keen insight into humanity, there lurked the martial fire and the spirit of greater things; the spirit that would rouse, with splendid sweep, men to fine deeds and noble utterances. And to those who questioned the ability of the author of "When Evening Cometh On" here was a conclusive proof that their doubts were unfounded.

Wilson is enigmatical. He may be construed as a sort of Southern edition of F. Hopkinson Smith, sans the technical qualifications of "Col. Carter of Cartersville." At least his unique versatility gives that impression. Versatility is not always attended by cleverness and completeness. Invariably there are one or two false notes that jar on the serenity of the picture and leave the subject exceedingly vulnerable. But that versatility extends in all directions and is admirably sustained in its many-sided tendencies, there can only be admiration. Such a versatility is Wilson's, and his friends have ceased to marvel at any turn that his inclination, which is accompanied by talent, may lead him. They are certain that it will be excellently produced.

His personality is of the character that seldom discloses. Although he has been solely identified as a Kentucky writer and artist, he was born far away from the land of the bluegrass that he has so gracefully depicted in verse and on canvas. Pennsylvania is his birthplace, but Kentucky welcomed him when he was a mere boy. He came to the State to do some sketching, and impressed by the beauty of the landscape pitched his tents and remained here ever after.—*Louisville Times*.

Columbia puts her glittering armor on!
Not boasting in her might—
Not for mean conquest—Not to make display
Of her fine powers—Not, by her proud array,
To threaten and affront the waiting world;
Nor in mere savage lust for war's delight
Is her unsullied banner now unfurled;
But to set right
The base and treacherous wrongs, too long endured
And that the world henceforth, shall be assured
Her children's blood may not be lightly shed.
It is *her* blood that cries!
To armor, now, that cry, her comely head
Is filleted with steel—Her lips, firm-pressed,
And from her leveled eyes,
The dangerous light
Of battle plays beneath her pallid brow,
Like lightnings from a summer cloud at dawn,
As, with pained heart, fierce-swelling in her breast,
Her gleaming sword is drawn.
To answer that cry now,
Columbia puts her glittering armor on.

THE VOICE THAT WAS STILL*

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN

ON a certain morning in last June I stooped to fasten a shoelace, having taken advantage for the purpose of the step of a corner house in St. James' Square.

I was about to go my way, and was first falling back to gain a better view of the house when a chuckle close to me betrayed the presence of a thin, gray-haired man, half hidden by a pillar of the porch. His hands were engaged with a white tablecloth, from which he had been shaking the crumbs. He had the air of an upper servant of the best class. As our eyes met he spoke.

"Might I ask," he said, "if you are an American, sir?"

"No, I am not," I answered, "but I have spent some time in the States."

I could have fancied that he sighed.

"I thought—but never mind, sir," he began, "I was wrong. It is curious how very much alike gentlemen, that are real gentlemen, speak. Now, I dare swear, sir, that you have a taste for pictures."

I was inclined to humor the old fellow's mood.

"I like a good picture I admit," I said.

"Then perhaps you would not be offended if I asked you to step inside and look at one or two," he suggested, timidly. "I would not take a liberty, sir, but there are some Van Dycks and a Rubens in the dining-room that cost a mint of money in their day, I have heard; and there is no one else in the house but my wife and myself."

It was a strange invitation, strangely brought about. But I saw no reason for myself why I should not accept it, and I followed him into the hall. It was spacious, but sparsely furnished. The matted floor had a cold look and so had the gaunt stand which seemed to be a fixture, and boasted but one umbrella, one sunshade and one dogwhip. As I passed a half-open door I caught a glimpse of a small room prettily furnished, with dainty prints and watercolors on the walls. But these were of a common order. A dozen replicas of each and all might be seen in

a walk through Bond street. Even this oasis of taste and comfort told the same story as had the bare hall and dreary exterior, and laid, as it were, a finger on one's heart. I trod softly as I followed my guide along the strip of matting toward the rear of the house.

He opened a door at the inner end of the hall, and led me into a large and lofty room, built out from the back, as a state dining-room or ball-room. At present it rather resembled the latter, for it was without furniture. "Now," said the old man, turning and respectfully touching my sleeve to gain my attention, "now you will not consider your labor lost in coming to see that, sir. It is a portrait of the second Lord Wetherby by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, and is judged to be one of the finest specimens of his style in existence."

I was lost in astonishment; amazed, almost appalled! My companion stood by my side, his face wearing a placid smile of satisfaction, his hand pointing slightly upward to the blank wall before us. The blank wall! Of any picture, there or elsewhere in the room, there was no sign. I turned to him and then from him and I felt very sick at heart. The poor old fellow was—must be—mad. I gazed blankly at the blank wall.

"By Van Dyck?" I repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, sir, by Van Dyck," he replied, in the most matter-of-fact tone imaginable.

"So, too, is this one," he moved, as he spoke, a few feet to his left. "The second peer's first wife in the costume of a lady-in-waiting. This portrait and the last are in as good a state of preservation as on the day they were painted."

O, certainly mad! And yet so graphic was his manner, so crisp and realistic were his words, that I rubbed my eyes and looked and looked again, and almost fancied that Lord Walter and Anne, his wife, grew into shape before me on the wall. Almost, but not quite, and it was with a heart full of wondering pity that I

*(Copyrighted 1898 by Howard, Ainslee & Company.)

accompanied the old man, in whose manner there was no trace of wildness or excitement, round the walls; visiting in turn the Cuyp which my lord bought in Holland, the Rubens, the four Lawrences, and the Philips—a very Barmecide feast of art. I could not doubt that the old man saw the pictures. But I saw only bare walls.

"Now I think you have seen them, family portraits and all," he concluded, as we came to the doorway again stating the fact, which was no fact, with complacent pride. "They are fine pictures, sir. They, at least, are left, although the house is not what it was."

"Very fine pictures!" I remarked. I was minded to learn if he were sane on other points. "Lord Wetherby," I said; "I should suppose that he is not in London?"

"I do not know, sir, one way or the other," the servant answered with a new air of reserve. "This is not his lordship's house. Mrs. Wigram, my late lord's daughter-in-law, lives here."

"But this is the Wetherby's town house," I persisted.

I knew so much.

"It was my late lord's house. At his son's marriage it was settled upon Mrs. Wigram, and little enough besides, God knows!" he exclaimed querulously. "It was Mr. Alfred's wish that some land should be settled upon his wife, but there was none out of the entail, and my lord, who did not like the match, though he lived to be fond enough of the mistress afterward, said, 'Settle the house in town!' in a bitter kind of joke like. So the house was settled and five hundred pounds a year. Mr. Alfred died abroad, as you may know, sir, and my lord was not long in following him."

He was closing the shutters of one window after another as he spoke. The room had sunk into deep gloom. I could imagine now that the pictures were really where he fancied them.

"And Lord Wetherby, the late peer?" I asked, after a pause, "did he leave his daughter-in-law nothing?"

"My lord died suddenly, leaving no will," he replied, sadly. "That is how it all is. And the present peer, who was only a second cousin—well, I say nothing about him."

A reticence which was well calculated to consign his lordship to the lowest deep.

"He did not help?" I asked.

"Devil a bit, begging your pardon, sir. But there—it is not my place to talk of these things. I doubt I have wearied you with talk about the family. It is not my way," he added, as if wondering at himself, "only something in what you said seemed to touch a chord like."

By this time we were outside the room, standing at the inner end of the hall, while he fumbled with the lock of the door. Short passages ending in swing-doors ran out right and left from this point, and through one of these a tidy, middle-aged woman, wearing an apron, suddenly emerged. At sight of me she looked greatly astonished.

"I have been showing the gentleman the pictures," said my guide, who was still occupied with the door.

A quick flash of pain altered and hardened the woman's face.

"I have been very much interested, madam," I said, softly.

Her gaze left me, to dwell upon the old man with infinite affection.

"John had no right to bring you in, sir," she said, primly. "I have never known him do such a thing before, and— Lord 'a' mercy! there is the mistress' knock. Go, John, and let her in, and this gentleman," with an inquisitive look at me, "will not mind stepping a bit aside, while her ladyship goes upstairs."

"Certainly not," I answered.

I hastened to draw back into one of the side passages, into the darkest corner of it, and there stood leaning against the cool panels, my hat in my hand.

In the short pause which ensued before John opened the door she whispered to me:

"You have not told him, sir?"

"About the pictures?"

"Yes, sir. He is blind, you see."

"Blind?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, this year and more, and when the pictures were taken away—by the present earl—that he had known all his life, and been so proud to show to people just the same as if they had been his own—why, it seemed a shame to tell him. I have never had the heart to do it, and he thinks they are there to this day."

Blind! I had never thought of that; and while I was grasping the idea now, and fitting it to the facts, a light footsteps sounded in the hall and a woman's voice

on the stairs; such a voice and such a footstep, that, as it seemed to me, a man, if nothing else were left to him, might find home in them alone. "Your mistress," I said, presently, when the sounds had died away upon the floor above, "has a sweet voice; but has not something annoyed her?"

"Well, I never should have thought that you would have noticed that!" exclaimed the housekeeper, who was, I dare say, many other things besides housekeeper. "You have a sharp ear, sir, that I will say. Yes, there is a something has gone wrong; but to think that an American gentleman should have noticed it!"

"I am not American," I said, perhaps testily.

"Oh, indeed, sir. I beg your pardon, I am sure. It was just your way of speaking made me think it," she replied, and then there came a second louder rap at the door as John, who had gone upstairs with his mistress, came down in a leisurely fashion.

"That is Lord Wetherby, drat him!" he said, on his wife calling to him in a low voice; he was ignorant, I think, of my presence. "He is to be shown into the library, and the mistress will see him there in five minutes, and you are to go to her room. Oh, rap away!" he added, turning toward the door and shaking his fist at it. "There is many a better man than you has waited longer at that door."

"Hush, John! Do you not see the gentleman?" interposed his wife, with the simplicity of habit. "He will show you out," she added, rapidly, to me, "as soon as his lordship has gone in, if you do not mind waiting another minute."

"Not at all," I said, drawing back into the corner as they went on their errands; but though I said, "Not at all," mine was an odd position.

The way in which I had come into the house, and my present situation in a kind of hiding, would have made most men only anxious to extricate themselves. But I, while listening to John parleying with some one at the door, conceived a strange desire, or a desire which would have been strange in any other man, to see this thing to the end; conceived it and acted upon it.

The library? That was the room on the right of the hall, opposite to Mrs. Wigram's sitting-room. Probably, nay I was certain, it had another door opening on

the passage in which I stood. It would cost me but a step or two to confirm my opinion. When John ushered in the visitor by one door I had already, by way of the other ensconced myself behind a screen, that I seemed to know would face it. I was going to listen. Perhaps I had my reasons. Perhaps—but there, what matter? I, as a fact, listened.

The room was spacious but sombre, wainscoted and vaulted with oak. Its only visible occupant was a thin, dark man of middle size, with a narrow face, and a stubborn feather of black hair rising above his forehead; a man of Welsh type. He was standing with his back to the light, a roll of papers in one hand. The fingers of the other, drumming upon the table, betrayed that he was both out of temper and ill at ease. While I was still scanning him steadily—I had never seen him before—the door was opened, and Mrs. Wigram came in. I sank back behind the screen. I think some words passed, some greeting of the most formal, but though the room was still, I failed to hear it, and when I recovered myself he was speaking.

"I am here at your wish, Mrs. Wigram, and your service, too," he was saying, with an effort at gallantry which sat very ill upon him, "although I think it would have been better if we had left the matter to our solicitors."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I fancied you were aware of my opinion."

"I was, and I perfectly understand, Lord Wetherby, your preference for that course," she replied, with sarcastic coldness, which did not hide her dislike for him. "You naturally shrink from telling me your terms face to face."

"Now, Mrs. Wigram! Now, Mrs. Wigram! Is not this a tone to be deprecated?" he answered, lifting his hand. "I come to you as a man of business upon business."

"Business! Does that mean wringing advantage from my weakness?" she retorted.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I do deprecate this tone," he repeated. "I come in plain English to make you an offer; one which you can accept or refuse as you please. I offer you five hundred a year for this house. It is immensely too large for your needs and too expensive for your income, and yet



I stood looking down at the unconscious worker

you have in strictness no power to let it. Very well, I, who can release you from that restriction, offer you five hundred a year for the house. What can be more fair?"

"Fair? In plain English, Lord Wetherby, you are the only possible purchaser, and you fix the price. Is that fair? The house would let easily for twelve hundred."

"Possibly," he retorted, "if it were in the open market. But it is not."

"No," she answered, rapidly. "And you, having the forty thousand a year which, had my husband lived, would have been his and mine; you who, a poor man, have stepped into this inheritance—you offer me five hundred for the family house! For shame, my lord! for shame!"

"We are not acting a play," he said, doggedly, showing that her words had stung him in some degree. "The law is the law. I ask for nothing but my rights, and one of those I am willing to waive in your favor. You have my offer."

"And if I refuse it? If I let the house? You will not dare to enforce the restriction."

"Try me," he rejoined, again drumming with his fingers upon the table.

"Try me, and you will see."

"If my husband had lived——"

"But he did not live," he broke in, losing patience, "and that makes all the difference. Now, for Heaven's sake, Mrs. Wigram, do not make a scene! Do you accept my offer?"

For a moment she had seemed about to break down, but her pride coming to the rescue, she recovered herself with wonderful quickness.

"I have no choice," she said, with dignity.

"I am glad you accept," he answered, so much relieved that he gave way to an absurd burst of generosity. "Come!" he cried, "we will say guineas instead of pounds, and have done with it!"

She looked at him in wonder.

"No, Lord Wetherby," she said, "I accepted your terms. I prefer to keep to them. You said that you would bring the necessary

papers with you. If you have done so I will sign them now, and my servants can witness them."

"I have the draft, and the lawyer's clerk is no doubt in the house," he answered. "I left directions for him to be here at eleven."

"I do not think he is in the house," the lady answered. "I should know if he were here."

"Not here!" he cried, angrily. "Why not, I wonder! But I have the skeleton lease. It is very short, and to save delay I will fill in the particulars, names and so forth myself, if you will permit me to do so. It will not take me twenty minutes."

"As you please. You will find a pen and ink on the table. If you will kindly ring the bell when you are ready, I will come and bring the servants."

"Thank you, you are very good," he said; smoothly; adding, when she had left the room. "And the devil take your impudence, madam! As for your cursed pride—well, it has saved me twenty-five pounds a year, and so you are welcome to it. I was a fool to make the offer."

And with that, now grumbling at the absence of the lawyer's clerk, and now congratulating himself on the saving of a lawyer's fee, my lord sat down to his task.

A hansom cab on its way to the East India Club rattled through the square, and under cover of the noise I stole out from behind the screen, and stood in the middle of the room, looking down at the unconscious worker. If for a minute I

felt strongly the desire to raise my hand and give his lordship such a surprise as he had never in his life experienced, any other man might have felt the same, and, as it was, I put it away and only looked quietly about me. Some rays of sunlight, piercing the corner pane of a dulled window, fell on and glorified the Wetherby coat-of-arms blazoned over the wide fireplace, and so created the one bright spot in the bare, dismantled room, which had once, unless the tiers of empty shelves and the yet lingering odor of Russia lied, been lined from floor to ceiling with books. My lord had taken the furniture; my lord had taken the books; my lord had taken—nothing but his rights.

Retreating softly to the door by which I had entered, and rattling the handle, I advanced afresh into the room. "Will your lordship allow me?" I said, after I had in vain coughed twice to gain his attention.

He turned hastily and looked at me with a face full of suspicion. Some surprise on finding another person in the room and close to him was natural but possibly, also, there was something in the atmosphere of that house which threw his nerves off their balance. "Who are you?" he cried, in a tone which matched his face.

"You left orders, my lord," I explained, "with Messrs. Duggan & Poole that a clerk should attend here at eleven. I very much regret that some delay has unavoidably been caused."

"Oh, you are the clerk!" he replied, ungraciously. "You do not look much like a lawyer's clerk."

Involuntarily I glanced aside and saw in a mirror the reflection of a tall man with a thick beard and mustaches, gray eyes and an ugly scar seaming the face from ear to ear.

"Yet I hope to give you full satisfaction, my lord," I murmured, dropping my eyes. "It was understood that you needed a confidential clerk."

"Well, well, sir, to your work!" he replied, irritably. "Better late than never. And after all it may be preferable for you to be here and see it duly executed. Only you will not forget," he continued hastily, with a glance at the papers, "that I have myself copied four—well, three—three full folios, sir, for which an allowance must be made. But there! Get

on with your work. The handwriting will speak for itself."

I had been writing for perhaps five minutes when Lord Wetherby stopped in his passage behind me and looked over my shoulder. With a jerk his eyeglasses fell, touching my shoulder.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I have seen your handwriting somewhere; and lately, too. Where could it have been?"

"Probably among the family papers, my lord," I answered. "I have several times been engaged in the family business in the time of the late Lord Wetherby."

"Indeed!" There were both curiosity and suspicion in his utterance of the word. "You knew him?"

"Yes, my lord. I have written for him in this very room, and he has walked up and down, and dictated to me, as you might be doing now," I explained.

His lordship stopped his pacing to and fro, and retreated to the window on the instant. But I could see that he was interested, and I was not surprised when he continued with transparent carelessness:

"A strange coincidence! And may I



"You do not look much like a lawyer's clerk," said he

ask what it was upon which you were engaged?"

"At that time?" I answered, looking him in the face. "It was a will my lord."

He started and frowned and abruptly resumed his walk up and down. But I saw that he had a better conscience than I had given him the credit of possessing. My shot had not struck fairly where I had looked to place it, and finding this was so, I turned the thing over afresh, while I pursued my copying. When I had finished I asked him—I think he was busy at the time cursing the absence of tact in the lower orders—if he would go through the instrument, and he took my seat.

Where I stood behind him, I was not far from the fireplace. While he muttered to himself the legal jargon in which he was as well versed as a lawyer bred in an office, I moved to it, and neither missed nor suspected, stood looking from his bent figure to the blazoned shield which formed part of the mantelpiece. If I wavered, my hesitation lasted but a few seconds. Then, raising my voice, I called sharply:

"My lord, there used to be here——"

He turned swiftly and saw where I was.

"What the deuce are you doing there, sir?" he cried, in boundless astonishment, rising to his feet and coming toward me, the pen in his hand and his face aflame with anger. "You forget——"

"A safe—a concealed safe for papers," I continued, cutting him short in my turn. "I have seen the late Lord Wetherby place papers in it more than once. The spring worked from here. You touch this knob——"

"Leave it alone, sir!" cried the peer, furiously.

He spoke too late. The shield had swung gently outward on a hinge, door fashion, and where it had been gaped a small open safe, lined with cement. The rays of sunshine, that a few minutes before had picked out so brightly the gaudy quarterings, now fell on a large envelope which lay apart on a shelf. It was as clean as if it had been put there that morning. No doubt the safe was airtight. I laid my hand upon it.

"My lord!" I cried, turning to look at him with ill-concealed exultation, "here is a paper—I think a will!"

A moment before the veins of his forehead had been swollen, his face dark with

the rush of blood. His anger died down, at sight of the packet, with strange abruptness. He regained his self-control, and a moment saw him pale and calm, all show of resentment confined to a wicked gleam in his eye.

"A will!" he repeated, with a certain kind of dignity, though the hand he stretched out to take the envelope shook. "Indeed! Then it is my place to examine it. I am the heir-at-law, and I am within my rights, sir."

I feared that he was going to put the parcel into his pocket and dismiss me, and I was considering what course I should take in that event, when instead he carried the envelope to the table by the window, and tore off the cover without ceremony. "It is not in your handwriting?" were his first words, and he looked at me with a distrust that was almost superstitious. No doubt my sudden entrance, my ominous talk, and my discovery seemed to him to savor of the devil.

"No," I replied, unmoved. "I told your lordship that I had written a will at the late Lord Wetherby's dictation. I did not say—for how could I know?—that it was this one."

"Ah!" He hastily smoothed the sheets and ran his eyes over their contents. When he reached the last page there was a dark scowl on his face, and he stood a while staring at the signatures; not now reading, I think, but collecting his thoughts. "You know the provisions of this?" he presently burst forth with violence, dashing the back of his hand against the paper. "I say, sir, you know the provisions of this?"

"I do not, my lord," I answered.

Nor did I.

"The unjust provisions of this will!" he repeated, passing over my negative as if it had not been uttered. "Fifty thousand pounds to a woman who had not a penny when she married his son! Ay, and the interest on another hundred thousand for her life! Why, it is a prodigious income, an abnormal income, for a woman! And out of whose pocket is it to come? Out of mine, every stiver of it! It is monstrous! I say it is! How am I to keep up the title on the income left to me, I should like to know?"

I marveled. I remembered how rich he was. I could not refrain from suggesting

that he had still remaining all the real property.

"And," I added, "I understood, my lord, that the testator's personality was sworn under four hundred thousand pounds."

"You talk nonsense!" he snarled. "Look at the legacies! Five thousand here, and a thousand there, and hundreds like berries on a bush! It is a fortune, a decent fortune, clean frittered away! A barren title is all that will be left to me!"

What was he going to do? His face was gloomy, his hands were twitching.

"Who are the witnesses, my lord?" I asked, in a low voice.

So low—for, under certain conditions, a tone conveys much, very much—that he shot a stealthy glance toward the door before he answered:

"John Williams."

"Blind," I replied in the same low tone.

"William Williams."

"He is dead. He was Mr. Alfred's valet. I remember reading in the newspaper that he was with his master, and was killed by the Indians at the same time."

"True. I remember that that was the case," he answered, huskily. "And the handwriting is Lord Wetherby's."

I assented. Then for fully a minute we were silent, while he bent over the will, and I stood behind him looking down at him, with thoughts in my mind which he could as little fathom as could the senseless wood upon which I leaned. Yet I, too, mistook him. I thought him, to be plain, a scoundrel, and—well, so he was, but a mean one. "What is to be done?" he muttered at length, speaking rather to himself than to me.

I answered softly:

"I am a poor man, my lord."

"Just so! just so! So shall I be when this cursed paper takes effect. A very poor man! A hundred and fifty thousand gone at a blow! But there, she shall have it! She shall have every penny of it; only," he continued, slowly, "I do not see what difference one more day will make."

I followed his downcast eyes, which moved from the will before him to the agreement for the lease of the house, and I did see what difference a day would make. I saw and understood and wondered. He had not the courage to sup-

press the will; but if he could gain a slight advantage by withholding it for a few hours he had the mind to do that. Mrs. Wigram, a rich woman, would no longer let the house; she would be under no compulsion to do so, and my lord would lose a cheap residence as well as his hundred and fifty thousand pounds. To the latter loss he could resign himself with a sigh; but he could not bear to forego the petty gain for which he had schemed.

"I think I understand, my lord," I replied.

"Of course," he resumed, nervously, "you must be rewarded for making this discovery. I will see that it is so. You may depend upon me. I will mention the case to Mrs. Wigram, and—and, in fact, my friend, you may depend upon me."

"That will not do," I said, firmly. "If that be all, I had better go to Mrs. Wigram at once, and claim my reward a day earlier."

He grew very red in the face at receiving this check.

"You will not, in that event, get my good word," he said.

"Which has no weight with the lady," I answered politely but plainly.

"How dare you speak so to me?" his lordship cried. "You are an impertinent fellow! But there! How much do you want?"

"A hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds for a mere day's delay, which will do no one any harm!"

"Except Mrs. Wigram," I retorted, dryly. "Come, Lord Wetherby, this lease is worth a thousand a year to you. Mrs. Wigram, as you well know, will not voluntarily let the house to you. If you would have Wetherby House you must pay me. That is the long and the short of it."

"You are an impertinent fellow!" he repeated.

"So you have said before, my lord."

I expected him to burst into a furious passion, but I suppose there was a something of power in my tone, beyond the mere defiance which the words expressed; for, instead of doing so, he eyed me with a thoughtful, malevolent gaze, and paused to consider.

"You are at Duggan & Poole's," he said, slowly. "How was it that they did not search this cupboard, with which you were acquainted?"

I shrugged my shoulders.
 "I have not been in the house since Lord Wetherby died," I said. "My employers did not consult me when the papers he left were examined."

"You are not a member of the firm?"

"No, I am not," I answered.

I was thinking that, so far as I knew those respectable gentlemen, no one of them would have helped my lord in this for ten times a hundred pounds. My lord! Faugh!

He seemed satisfied, and taking out a note case laid on the table a little pile of notes.

"There is your money," he said, counting them over with reluctant fingers. "Be good enough to put the will and envelope back into the cupboard. To-morrow you will oblige me by rediscovering it—you can manage that, no doubt—and giving information at once to Messrs. Duggan & Poole, or Mrs. Wigram, as you please. Now," he continued, when I had obeyed him, "will you be good enough to ask the servants to tell Mrs. Wigram that I am waiting?"

There was a slight noise behind us.

"I am here," said some one. I am sure that we both jumped at the sound, for though I did not look that way, I knew that the voice was Mrs. Wigram's, and that she was in the room. "I have come to tell you, Lord Wetherby," she went on, "that I have an engagement from home at twelve. I understand, however, that you are ready? If so, I will call in Mrs. Williams."

"The papers are ready for signature," the peer answered, betraying some con-

fusion, "and I am ready to sign. I shall be glad to have the matter settled as agreed." Then he turned to me, where I had fallen back, as seemed becoming, to the end of the room, and said, "Be good enough to ring the bell, if Mrs. Wigram permit it."

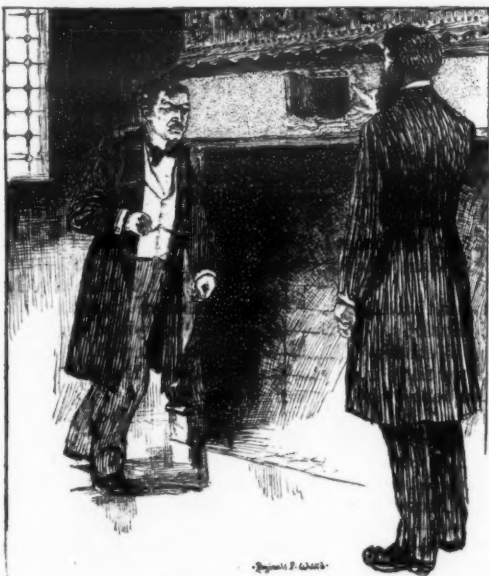
As I moved to the fireplace to do so, I was conscious that the lady was regarding me with some faint surprise. But when I had regained my position and looked toward her, she was standing near the window gazing steadily out into the square, an expression of disdain rendered

by face and figure. Shall I confess that it was a joy to me to see her fair head so high and to read, even in the outline of her girlish form, a contempt which I, and I only, knew to be so justly based? For myself, I leaned against the edge of the screen by the door, and perhaps my hundred pounds lay heavily on my heart. As for him, he fidgeted with his papers, although they were all in order, and was visibly impatient to get his

bit of knavery accomplished. Oh, he was a worthy man! And Welshman!

"Perhaps," he presently suggested, for the sake of saying something, "while your servant is coming, you will read the agreement, Mrs. Wigram. It is very short, and as you know, your solicitors have already seen it in the draft."

She bowed, and took the paper negligently. She read some way down the first sheet with a smile, half careless, half contemptuous. Then I saw her stop—she had turned her back to the window to obtain more light—and dwell on a particular sentence. I saw—God! I had forgotten



"Leave it alone, sir," cried the peer

the handwriting! I saw her gray eyes grow large, and fear leap into them, as she grasped the paper with her other hand, and stepped nearer to the peer's side.

"Who?" she cried. "Who wrote this? Tell me! Do you hear? Tell me quickly!" He was nervous on his own account, wrapped in his own piece of scheming, and obtuse.

"I wrote it," he said, with maddening complacency. He put up his glasses and glanced at the top of the page she held out to him. "I wrote it myself, and I can assure you that it is quite right and a faithful copy. You do not think—"

"Think! think! no! no. This, I mean. Who wrote this?" she cried, awe in her face, and a suppliant tone, strange as addressed to that man, in her voice.

"The clerk, Mrs. Wigram, the clerk," he said, petulantly, still in his fog of selfishness. "The clerk from Messrs. Dugan & Poole's."

"Where is he?" she cried out.

"Where is he?" he repeated, in querulous surprise. "Why, here, of course. He will witness my signature."

Would he? Signatures! It was little of signatures I recked at that moment. I was praying to Heaven that my folly might be forgiven me; and that my lightly-planned vengeance might not fall on my own head.

"Joy does not kill," I was saying to myself, repeating it over and over again, and clinging to it desperately.

But, oh! was it true? in face of that white-lipped woman!

"Here!"

She did not say more, but gazing at me with great dazed eyes, she raised her hand and beckoned to me.

"Mrs. Wigram," I said, hoarsely, my voice sounding to me only as a whisper, "I have news of your late—of your husband. It is good news."

"Good news?" Did she faintly echo my words? or, as her face, from which all color had passed, peered into mine, and searched it in infinite hope and infinite fear, did our two minds speak without need of physical lips? "Good news?"

"Yes," I whispered. "He is alive. The Indians did not—"

"Alfred!"

Her cry rang through the room, and

with it I caught her in my arms as she fell. Beard and long hair, and scar and sunburn, and strange dress—these which had deceived others were no disguise to her—my wife. I bore her gently to the couch, and hung over her in a paroxysm of fear.

"A doctor! Quick! A doctor!" I cried to Mrs. Williams, who was already kneeling beside her. "Do not tell me," I added, piteously, "that I have killed her!"

"No! no!" the good woman answered, the tears running down her face. "Joy does not kill!"

An hour later this fear had been lifted from me, and I was

walking up and down the library alone with my thankfulness; glad to be alone, yet more glad, more thankful still when John came in with a beaming face.

"You have come to tell me," I cried, eagerly, pleased that the tidings had come by his lips, "to go to her? That she will see me?"

"Her ladyship is sitting up."

"And Lord Wetherby!" I asked, pausing at the door to put the question. "He left the house at once!"

"Yes, my lord, Mr. Wigram has been gone some time."



"Joy does not kill," I was saying to myself

AFTER THE MOVING

BY
TUDOR JENKS

TO a reflective mind moving days bring their lessons. The turning out of ancient holes and corners is instructive. The establishing of the precise line between what should be kept and what ought to be thrown away requires an order of talent that would befit one for a Boundary Commission.

Women know better—but a man's first impression is that moving is comparatively a simple task. He is so accustomed to look upon most things around him as fixtures that he little realizes what will be the result when the distinction between the fixed and portable ceases. He is likely to look casually at the books and penholders and overcoats, and picture to himself how the stalwart Patrick or Giacomo will make light of his modest possessions.

But when the linen closet gives up its sheeted dwellers, and strange weird things troop out of the kitchen closets and will not be denied; when the attic becomes alive with visions of a misspent past—then the mere man begins to realize his awful position.

In the fairy tales, a common characteristic of magic gifts is that of vanishing in a brief time. Short-sighted mortals usually bewail the disappearance of the fairy gifts. But what a blessing it would be if our households were largely furnished with things that came to us as free gifts, and then painlessly drifted into a nothingness that left no regret behind it!

During the passing of those beneficent days when nothing happens, a man's library is one of his possessions that gives him unalloyed delight. Like the best friends, his books are silent when silence is agreeable, voluble when entertainment demands their speech. Considering their infinite riches, the volumes certainly require little room. Compact of imagination, like a poet, they have no awkward corners upon which one may come to harm.

But when the moving days are upon the book lover all is changed. Then only the immortals are not trivial; *belles-lettres* are an impertinence, *Vers-de-sociétés* a nuisance, and one feels inclined to believe that the Bible, the Dictionary and Shakespeare's Works make up an excellent working library. Rarities purchased in moments of enthusiasm and borne home in triumph are scaled recklessly through the air with utter indifference as to their alighting in the packing box or on the floor; while paper-covered novels are beneath contempt.

How longingly one thinks then of the wandering Brahmin whose bowl and staff are his only impedimenta! How vividly one recalls Thoreau's picture of the man of possessions chained to his burden of furniture!

At such times the lost art of malleable glass becomes a living regret, and small things that will fit into interstices are entertained with undue hospitality.

There is, however, a silver lining. We understand the joy with which the man in the story busied himself in throwing all his rubbish over into his neighbor's yard; and upon being asked why he was doing so, replied:

"Because I am going to move."

"But I'm not going to move," objected the neighbor.

"Then you won't have to move them," was the cheerful reply, and the bombardment went on. This fable teaches that moving time is the season for getting rid of things. The cracked lampshade with which Aunt Susan cannot bear to part, is ruthlessly hurled upon the rubbish heap, the old shot pouch that you carried when in boyhood you hunted squirrels, may safely be left behind. The tattered scrapbook that the children used to love is torn into fragments in order to make a luxurious nest for a bit of fragile bric-a-

brac. The old pair of trousers that will never be worn out because of the loud pattern, makes a decorative top to the beautifully filled ash barrel. You decide that you can at last turn over a new leaf, and begin life anew—a life upon a back ground in which there is no rubbish heap. Vain hope!—while you are packing her Dresden china, your wife is carefully garnering the choicest *bêtes-noires* from your rubbish heap, and they will grin derisively at you from every coign of vantage in your new home.

Besides, "rubbish" is a relative term. To your wife, your old hinges and coils

of wire for tinkering are dross and tare; to you, her piece bags and rag trunks are pure folly. The children see wealth in a three-legged woollen lamb, and refuse with indignation all terms that involve the abandonment of a small doll's teapot whose handle and nose are to seek. Wise beyond mortals is he who does not cherish some fetish that is beautiful to him alone—to all others an ugly, insensate idol.

Many believe that life is a discipline; and though we may not adhere entirely to that creed, we may find solace for the woes of moving day in the belief that they must cultivate the sterner virtues.

SCHOOL-GIRL MADGE

BY

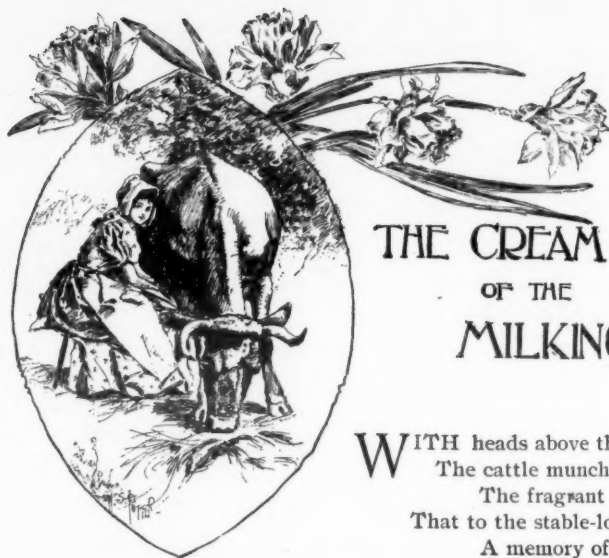
PAULINE M. CORY

O, schoolgirl Madge, so gay, so sweet—
And yet so cold!
All time is ours and youth and love
And joy untold.
And at your dancing feet I kneel,
O, school-girl Madge!

I see you on your way to school,
You are yet shy,
And will not throw a glance at me
As you pass by,
Though well you know each day I watch
For school-girl Madge.

Old Time is flying fast, sweet girl—
And school is done.
Put up those flying chestnut braids,
And hush your fun;
For at your dancing feet I kneel,
O, school-girl Madge!

Yes, at your feet I kneel, my girl—
Those quiet feet.
Your grave is on a grass-grown hill
In silence sweet.
A long recess has come to you,
O, school-girl Madge!



THE CREAM OF THE MILKING.

WITH heads above the mangers bent,
The cattle munch in slow content
The fragrant hay,
That to the stable-loft has lent
A memory of May.

The while, with golden ringlets pressed
To Mooley's flank and pail at rest
Between her knees
Fair Polly sits, in apron dressed,
A-milking at her ease.

Her petticoats are tucked with care
About her, and reveal a pair
Of little feet,
And just a tantalizing share
Of ankles trim and neat.

And as the slender streams begin
To beat a merry songful din
Upon the pail,
Her gawky lover shuffles in,
With heart and tongue that fail.

In awkward silence then his eyes
Tell plainly what he vainly tries
To say to her—
Which Polly, quite contrariwise,
Refuses to infer.

The creamy foam within the pail
Mounts swiftly upward toward the bail.
The milking's done;
And he, who would her heart assail,
Still lingers dumbly on.

He lifts the milk-pail and the stool,
 And, feeling more and more the fool,
 Beside her goes;
 And thinks he'd give the world to school
 His tongue to tell his woes.

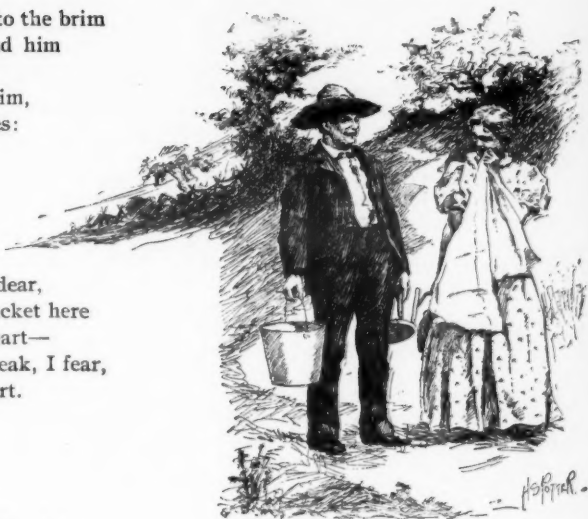
Then from the pail filled to the brim
 He spills a mite, alack, and him
 To task she takes;
 But he, with resolution grim,
 A noble effort makes:

"I'm glad I did it, Polly dear,
 For like this brimming bucket here
 You've filled my heart—
 So brimming full 'twill break, I fear,
 Unless it spills a part.

"Stop laughing at me, Polly, do!
 Of course I didn't mean that you
 My heart had filled
 With milk—'tis full of love as true
 As e'er a man's heart thrilled.

"I've told it in a clumsy way
 I know—but there: Come, Polly, say
 That you will fill
 My heart and life and all, for aye!"
 And Polly laughs, "I will!"

Ralph Graham Taber.



SONS OF BEDLAM*

BY

THEODORE MILLER

THE spell had lain over the little town of Galilee for three long weeks, and with each successive sunrise it had grown more stultifying in effect. The strike was on and most relentlessly. No violence had been done as yet, save in words; but Jason Gane, the thin, wiry owner of the Galilee Box Manufactory, had thought of a telegram to the Governor, asking the intervention of the State militia. As he was determined to starve the strikers into submission, he was equally prepared in case of need to summon force to combat what he called their fanaticism.

He was seated at his desk in the office of the factory, where he had been found every day since the beginning of the trouble. From the start the men had seemed disinclined to be factious, although they were set in their resolution not to tolerate the reduction in the wage-scale, which Jason Gane deemed advisable and just. But a three weeks' vacuum in their hand-to-mouth existence wrought fearful havoc. On the morning of the twenty-third day, a committee of the strikers led by Lowett, the foreman of the factory, appeared at the office door and requested a conference with their employer. Aaron Gane, the sixteen year old son of Jason, was acting office boy to his father, for the reason that the youngster whom he replaced had his own sire in the factory and they had gone out on strike together. Thus it was Aaron who took Lowett's message into the smaller office, marked "Private."

"Lowett and some of the men want to speak to you, father," the boy said, standing on the threshold and holding open the door.

"Umph!" grunted Mr. Gane, laying a blotter across a letter and rising slowly from his chair, for he was lame of one foot. "Ask them to step into the general office, my boy."

While Aaron rather timorously returned to the rough and angry-visaged committee, Mr. Gane laid a revolver in each side pocket of his sack coat and

limped out to meet the men, keeping his small white hands in these pockets.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he began in his naturally suave tones. "Please sit down. Aaron give the men chairs."

They seated themselves around Lowett in a semi-circle. Lowett pulled his chair a trifle forward. One of the committee, of a pale, boyish and sullen visage, which topped a powerful bony frame, refused the chair which Aaron offered.

"Rather stand *here*," he growled, with a hungry glance at Gane.

"Suit yourself, Flint," said the manufacturer with a smile. "Now, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

Mr. Gane could not have used a manner more deferential to a customer coming to give him a five thousand dollar order. He leaned lightly against a desk and looked at Lowett interrogatively.

"We come here, Mr. Gane," the foreman began hesitatingly, "to see whether we can't fix up this strike business."

Lowett reached a full stop at the end of this sentence. The lines on his forehead deepened in perplexity. For the moment he could say no more.

"There is nothing I am more anxious to see," said Mr. Gane, "than a settlement."

"We've always put out satisfactory jobs, ain't we?" queried one of the older men of the committee.

"The factory has certainly turned out good work," assented Mr. Gane.

"An' you'd like us to work for you again, wouldn't you Mr. Gane?"

"I have never asked you to stop working, gentlemen," answered the manufacturer.

"But you just go an' make it impossible for us to work," Lowett cut in, suddenly finding his tongue again. "You don't fergit the dull times of ten months ago, when the shop was shut up all together an' we was without a cent for eight weeks. Then there was the half-time all winter, with coal and flour and meat high. Now January jest past we had the measles scare and mos' every man

in Galilee has a doctor bill comin' agin him an' some of 'em—God help 'em—has worse. Spring's comin' on an' then the summer an' you want to cut our pay in half. It's awful hard on us, Mr. Gane."

"Gentlemen, I am sure it is. It's hard on me, too. I did not propose to make more money by cutting down expenses in running my business. I proposed to lose less money than I have been losing. What I proposed I mean to carry out."

"But you kin afford to lose better than us," grunted one of the committee.

"That is your view, gentlemen. But on the management of my business I think I have a right to my own opinion. I prefer to maintain that right. If I did not maintain it, I should be working for you and not you for me."

Mr. Gane's small hands, closed involuntarily around the butt of his revolvers.

"You won't take the men back at the old rate then, Mr. Gane?" asked Lowett, almost pleadingly.

"Do you think, Lowett, that I tried to lower expenses merely to see how the men would take it? I am always in earnest in business, gentlemen. What I have said, I stand by. And if you men and your friends do not decide to return to work very soon I shall have to find others to replace you."

"They'll be dead when you get them," cried Flint, scowling most villianously.

"Easy. Easy, there," murmured the oldest man, whose name was Colton.

"The State will look after their murderers," Mr. Gane retorted hotly as he limped forward a step.

Aaron laid a hand softly on his father's arm. The boy's touch seemed to bring back Mr. Gane's former calm.

"Gentlemen, I think we may consider the consultation ended," Mr. Gane added, as he turned to re-enter his private office.

"You whine about losin' money," growled Flint, swaggering toward him. "Good God, man, I lost me baby son las' night—an' he was as good a boy as your kid—an' I lost him 'cos I didn't have no money to treat him right.

You ride down from your big house on the hill in a fine carriage every day, an' you got the gall to talk to us about savin' money when we ain't got enough t' eat."

"Mr. Flint," said the manufacturer, sharply, as he pointed to his maimed foot, "I ride in that carriage because this foot was shot while I was fighting for the free land in which you now live. Get me back health and strength in that foot and I will make you a present of my team and carriage."

A superb sneer showed on Mr. Gane's thin, clean-shaven face as he glanced back at the moment of entering his office. For a moment Flint seemed dismayed.

"Well, you've got your boy, anyway," he growled, suddenly.

"And the boy has lost his mother. You have still your wife. Go home and ask her whether God is kinder to the rich than to the poor. Good-morning, gentlemen."

The last two words were addressed to the committee just as Aaron closed the door of the private office behind him. The men, unable to discover that the consultation had yielded any fruit whatever, were fain to vent their spleen on surly Flint, whom they blamed.

"Aw, hell," roared Flint, as his wrath kindled under these reproaches, "you chaps kin spout, but you ain't got t' go home an' bury your only kid."

Mr. Gane waited until the angry



"You whine about losin' money," growled Flint

sounds of the committee's wrangle had died away before seating himself at his desk. Then he called Aaron and said, as he touched the boy's cheek softly with his delicate hand.

"I think, little chap, that I had best send you back to school again even though it is your holidays."

"But, father, I have been home only a week, and if I go back now nobody will be there except the help."

"There may be trouble here, my boy, and I don't want you to be around if there is. Mother wouldn't wish it if she were with us," added Mr. Gane, whose ordinarily firm tones quivered now.

"That's just why I want to stay because it looks like trouble, father," Aaron objected, stepping across to the window, whence he could get a good view of the town. "I'm your son and I ain't going to leave you when things get warm."

Aaron kept his gaze fixed out of the window. His father revolved in his chair and studied the sturdy lad with a pride so gushing that his eyes filled with tears.

"Very well, my lad. You'll stay then. I'm going to send for some militia tonight. Perhaps you can ride for me to Newbourne and leave the message at the office there. I can't trust the operator here at this time."

"All right," replied Aaron, "Black Jennie will take those ten miles all ditches and fences included at a Paul Revere gallop. Look, father, here comes a line of men marching down the street in threes. How queer they are!"

Mr. Gane stood up as quick as he could and with some trepidation hurried across to the window. He held the revolvers with a desperate tightness now. As the line straggled down the street he scrutinized it steadily, then he laughed low and said:

"My lad, you frightened me. I feared they were marching on me—me—er—that is us."

"Who are they? See how crazily they march."

"They are poor daft unfortunates from the insane asylum below there in the valley. They are the less violent ones and the authorities take them for a walk thrice a week."

"Poor fellows, I thought they must be insane from the way they walked."

"The fear I felt may be an omen,"

thought Mr. Gane, as he limped back to his chair. Then he wrote a few words on a telegraph blank and blotted the fresh ink. He took a small revolver from one of the lower drawers in his desk. It had a beautiful ivory butt.

"Aaron."

The boy had just caught the final glimpse of the ragged line of mind-wrecked walkers. He was at his father's side in an instant.

"Read that address and the telegram," said his father.

It was addressed to the Governor of the State. In the most concise terms it stated the condition of affairs at Galilee and requested a guard of militia as security. Aaron read the fine careful handwriting quickly and aloud to his father.

"Now commit it to memory. If you're stopped on your ride, I don't want any incriminating papers to be found on you. Put this little gun in your pocket, laddie, and if you get into a scrape just imagine the man or men are pigeons and pop them off as you would the birds. Can you recite the message now?"

Aaron gave it word for word. His father tore up the yellow sheet and threw the pieces into his basket.

"Good. Jarvis should soon be here to take us home to lunch," he then said, as he looked at his watch.

It was twelve o'clock, but the cheerful factory whistle did not sound noon and lunch for the workers. Alas, it would have sounded lunch in vain for many of them. Food had grown horribly scarce in Galilee.

Jarvis, the man of all work at the Gane mansion, where the proprietor had beside him only a cook and a housekeeper, drove up presently behind the smart stepping mares that had stirred Jim Flint's ire.

Mr. Gane and Aaron hurried home to lunch, leaving Jarvis in charge of the office. Jarvis had brought with him a small rifle concealed among some sticks in a golf-bag.

Late that afternoon, as Aaron Gane on his spirited mare galloped past the lonely cemetery, he saw a group of mourners bending over a new grave. High above them all he distinguished the gaunt outline of Jim Flint and without the slightest affectation Aaron felt terribly sorry for him. Boy-like, he began to wonder why he could not approach Jim and tell him of this feeling. Why did men go on

strike anyway? It meant misery for them, always while it lasted; and they almost always lost the fight. He glanced back as he was descending the hill and he saw Jim Flint wave a menacing arm toward him.

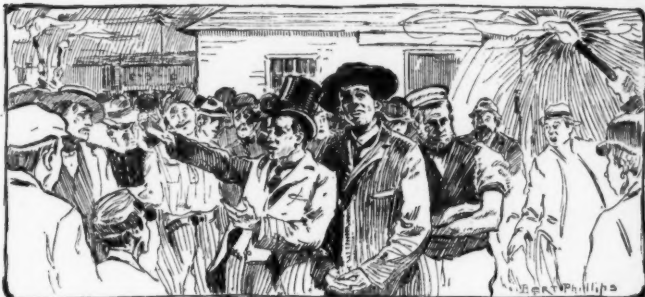
"I meant to be kind to him, too," said the boy to himself. "It ain't right for him to hate us so," and he dug in the spurs to make better haste in the delivery of that telegram, which he kept repeating to himself as a watchword.

Aaron Gane had long disappeared below the crest of the hill. The heavy clods of earth had thumped down remorselessly on the coarse box which contained the body of Jim Flint's baby. The few mourners had returned to their homes. Jim watched his wife sob in a heart-broken way until long after night had fallen over the town. At first he tried to quiet her, but to no avail. He attempted to induce her to take some tea, but she refused sullenly.

Then muttering to himself, that by God somebody should pay for this, he took up his hat and strode out into the street.

"Jim, Jim, don't leave me alone," his wife called after him.

Jim was beyond her call and urging his pace toward the little railway station, at which two trains stopped each day, and where was now gathered a great body of the strikers. Above their heads he caught sight of three men who were gesticulating, waving their bodies and apparently all speaking at once. As Jim drew nearer a loud huzza rose from the throng. He broke from a swift walk into a run and when he had reached the outer ring of the circle, thanks to his generous height, he could observe the three men with ease. Certainly three such strange characters never before addressed such a rapt mob. They were all speaking, allowing one another, it is true, time to finish a paragraph or a sentence, which the others confirmed by repeating. The white glare of the station arc light, chalked their drawn faces and made their eye balls



"Why don't you burn his den of injustice and sweat now?"

seem to be jumping from their sockets.

"I, Lawyer Stubble," fairly roared the shortest of the grotesque trio, "as I have said for the millionth time, believe and imagine and know that you strikers have the right on your side and that you ought to assert and fight for that sacred privilege. The owner of the Galilee Box Manufactory will burn in hell some day for his sins. Why don't you burn his den of injustice and sweat now?"

"Burn it! Burn it!" cried ten mad voices from the crowd.

From the high pitch of enthusiasm he noted in both orators and audience Jim Flint concluded that the speakers must have been working on the feelings of their auditors for some time. He glanced about to meet an acquaintance from whom he might learn something of these men. His eye fell on old Colton as the man most likely to give him accurate information.

"Who are they?" Colton fairly roared in answer to Jim's yell of inquiry. "That's what I don't know, nor does any one else. They walked in here off the railway track, said they heard a strike was on here—but wait, here's the finest talker of them all."

"I, Priest Borlon," shouted the tallest of the speakers, a man with the wan, meagre face and scant hair of an ascetic, "tell you again and again and once more forever, that you must not use violence to settle this game. God does not will it, and what God does not will, man must not dare."

Priest Borlon's voice had a wonderfully melancholy cadence that worked marvelously on this rabble of starving roughs. They interrupted him less than the others.

"Priest Borlon is right," confirmed the third, an 'ogreish-faced Sandow, who called himself Laborer Hun. "Nobody loves the cause more than Laborer Hun. Proof? Nobody but Laborer Hun and a few others has given up all the sweetness of life to tramp over the whole wide world of land and sea through wind, snow, hail and rain and broiling heat in the grand cause of the Liberty of Labor. Ay, verily would Laborer Hun go up in a balloon to serve this holy and righteous cause."

"He talks grand for a workman, don't he?" said Colton.

"He's great," said Jim Flint, admiringly. "Is he a union man, I wonder?"

"Union be damned!" growled Colton. "Do you find such men in the unions? I tell you, Flint, me boy, these men are sons of the apostles. I'm glad I lived to see them."

Meanwhile the orators roared and gesticulated in their triangular fashion. The mob grew more and more delirious at every sally. Often one of them plunged into the most ludicrous bathos; then of a sudden a colleague would temper the other's wildness by a master-stroke, and the sea of spectators heaved and roared like waves in a storm.

At length one of the workers, more frenzied and more hungry, perhaps, than his fellows, brandished aloft a stick of pine smeared with tar and waste, at the top of which smoked and crackled a tiny flame.

"Burn the shop! Burn the shop!" he yelled, dancing around like a demon.

The torch blazed higher in the current of air, and by its light the gaunt, pinched, villainous face of Jim Flint was revealed.

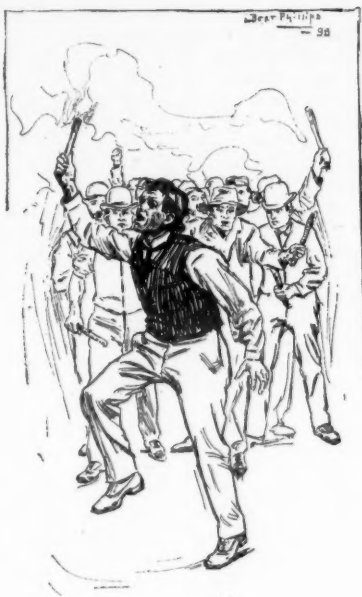
"Hooray! Hooray! Burn the shop!" was belched forth from two hundred hoarse and screaming throats.

"No! No! No!" cried the three orators, in tremendous unison.

But their exhortations had carried the workers out of themselves. Three of the strikers set off after Jim Flint for the works, which were at the other side of the town. Ten followed; then fifty; then the whole yelping, cursing, maddened pack.

"Halt! Stop! I anathematize!" roared Priest Borlon, frantically.

He might as well have summoned to halt the midnight express which went



"Burn the shop!" he yelled.

tearing past the station at this moment.

For a moment the three consulted among themselves, then all leaped to the ground and dashed at top speed after the rioters. The women and children, roused from their beds, stood at doors and windows in consternation at the fleeing mob. Yet amid their terror they almost laughed at the ridiculous figure of the long-limbed, bony priest, the palsy lawyer and the great lumbering laborer.

The latter reached the body of the crowd first and rushed into the thick of it, knocking men down with his mighty arms and legs until he reached the torch-bearer. Him he smote to the ground with a terrific blow on the skull. The would-be incendiary dropped like a felled sheep within one hundred yards of his goal. Laborer Hun stamped the torch out and cursed the bearer and his followers with blasphemies that made them shiver to the marrow.

"Now, you fools," screamed Lawyer Stubble, who had reached Hun's side by this time and who was breathing in gasps, "be sane and wise, and not silly. Wait longer yet a little while. You will

see how the great triumvirate of Laborer, Priest and Lawyer, which is about to rule the world, will manage this trifling matter of your daily wage and drink, as though it were merely a question of buying a toothbrush."

The crowd enjoyed Lawyer Stubble's whimsical manner and laughed as madly as it had cursed a few moments before. While Lawyer Stubble expounded, Laborer Hun poked his way through the crowd, apologizing to the men he had knocked down and begging them for politeness' sake to go bathe their heads. He offered Jim Flint an introduction to his doctor for the injury he had done him.

While the lawyer and the laborer kept the mob in temper, Priest Borlon, having spoken first with his colleagues, had made his way to the office of Jason Gane. Here he found the manufacturer and his son and Jarvis. Each had a pair of pistols in his coat and had hurried down to the factory on hearing the uproar the strikers made at the station. The militia was expected early in the morning. They meant to defend their rights themselves until then.

Priest Borlon was a model of high-flown courtesy in his address to Mr. Gane. He stated that the demands of the strikers in the mysterious verbiage of his

colleagues and himself, and in fine said:

"This concession you owe now to us, Mr. Gane, not to them. For even as I entered this door they were about to burn your factory to the ground. Laborer Hun, Lawyer Stubble and I, Priest Borlon, persuaded them that the time and reason were inappropriate."

Mr. Gane, Aaron and Jarvis stared at the priest in wonder. The latter seemed to resent their curiosity. A flame of anger lighted up his parchment visage. Mr. Gane anticipated his reply.

"Had they set a spark to my factory," said Mr. Gane, with terrible calmness, "I would have burned the whole cursed town."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gane," replied the priest, "you are mistaken. You have too much good taste to do anything quite so lunatic."

Priest Borlon said these words in a smirking, mincing tone. Then he suddenly let forth in a hyena-like yell:

"God Almighty has sent me to manage this affair with you, and if you don't agree he will fill your body with worms."

Priest Borlon's hands were upraised with menacing air, his lank body waved strangely. He looked like a being from another world.

"Shall I shoot?" asked Aaron, in a whisper.

"No, it would be wrong, my boy," replied Mr. Gane.

At this moment the mob of strikers appeared before the window of the office, led by Stubble and Hun.

"Here are your beseechers, Mr. Gane," screamed Priest Borlon. "Tell me, in Heaven's name, will you do justice by them?"

"I will," replied the manufacturer, to the utter amazement of his son and Jarvis.

Priest Borlon strode over to the window, ran it up to the top and shouted melodramatically:

"Fellow-citizens and workers, I am happy to address you all again and for the last time to-night. I have good, splendid, sparkling good news for you. Jason Gane has agreed to me to take you all back to work to-morrow on the old scale and to pay you for all extra time necessary to fill delayed orders."

The yells, cries, groans and laughter that rose from the hungry, frenzied mob sent the echoes flying for a mile around. Then suddenly some one cried:



He led the manufacturer to the window in view of them all



Sleeping the slumber of children

"Where's your proof?"

"Here!" vociferated Priest Borlon; and he led the limping manufacturer to the window in view of them all.

Jason Gane looked like the ghost of his former self. He shook in every limb, and his voice was strong but tremulous as he said:

"Priest Borlon speaks the truth!"

"There, is that not enough for you?" yelled the priest, as he dragged the manufacturer back into the shadow. "Go home now and go to bed, every mother's son of you."

"Go home and go to bed," echoed Stubble and Hun, snarling at the mob, which fled dispersed and crying, like a recreant herd before a pair of keen and snappish colliers.

"Now, Mr. Gane," continued the priest, in his most suave tones, "I will ask you and your two escorts to leave, first paying me fifty cents for having settled this matter. Go home, then, and go to bed. Laborer Hun, Lawyer Stubble and I will sleep here to-night, as there is no hotel in Galilee."

Then, with the most courtly air, Priest Borlon showed them out. Mr. Gane handed a fifty-cent piece to him, and as

he looked back he saw the lawyer and the laborer leaping in through the window.

Jarvis led Aaron and his father to the rear of the building, where Mr. Gane's team and carriage stood under a shed. The coachman was turning the horses for home when Mr. Gane cried:

"Not that way, Jarvis. Not that way."

"Not home, father?" asked Aaron, in bewilderment.

"No, my lad. Jarvis, drive like mad down the valley to the asylum. Those fiends may fire the works any minute."

Within an hour the superintendent of the asylum and three of the attendants were driving in the asylum van toward the factory. Until aroused by Mr. Gane they had suspected no escapes, but on examination of the non-violent ward they found three empty beds. A student who had gone mad in theological

study, a lawyer who had lost his reason on the hanging of his first client, and a foreman-laborer, whose skull had been fractured in a brawl with strikers; so the missing patients were described.

The sombre van drew up before Mr. Gane's office and the four officials stole into the office. Pushing back the door softly they saw in the gleam of the moonlight the three madmen stretched flat on the floor, clasping hands, and sleeping the slumber of children. They were bound and bundled into the van. When dawn streaked again the hills surrounding Galilee these three sons of Bedlam and saviors of the oppressed were raving in padded cells.

A notice on each door of the Galilee Box Manufactory informed the men who came next morning with high hopes of work and peace and plenty that, owing to the pressure of unsatisfied creditors Jason Gane had been obliged to lay his affairs into the hands of a receiver.

The company of militia, which arrived at seven-ten, kept the mob at bay; and Mr. Gane and Aaron, after dismissing the help and closing up the house boarded a train for Cleveland, in which city were his heaviest creditors.

DALE, GOD'S CHILD*

BY

WARREN McVEIGH

MY Aunt Emma never could mind her own business. She was forever picking up all sorts of men, women, children, cats and dogs, thinking that just because they had no friends, she had a right to take hold of them and make them think life worth the living.

The aforesaid men, women, etc., never objected particularly to being helped out, but it used to be rather a great deal of a nuisance for her nephew to find that the best room in the house could not be his for his two weeks' vacation, because some other person's nephew happened to have a broken leg or something of that sort.

I had made up my mind never to get mixed up with her pensioners again, after a rather disastrous season with two broken down musicians and three helpless cats, so it was with a feeling of moral defeat that I packed up as usual last summer and started for Maine, where she had a cottage for the season.

The house for once seemed decently deserted. But for a sickly looking kitten there was not another out-at-the-elbows creature to be seen about the place.

My aunt turned over the best room in the house to me as usual, and I sat down in my shirt sleeves with my pipe to look out upon the scene in front of me, congratulating myself and promising myself a delightful vacation.

The house stood on one of the little islands in Portland harbor. The city was just far enough away to hide the crude prose of its life and smoke without killing the poetry of its steeples and great hills. On the other side of the city I could just see the far away White mountains. The waters of the bay lapped the sandy beach below my window and the rocks stuck their heads up all around like so many stepping stones. Surrounding the house was a small sized forest in which hundreds of robins and mocking-birds and all kinds of gaily-bedecked warblers sang for dear life. Jutting out into the bay some distance away was a little rocky promontory, and there an old

seal used to come out of the water at low tide and sun itself.

As I was drinking in the view my aunt's voice came up to me from beneath the window.

"Dale!" she cried, "D-a-l-e."

"Yessum," came from the distance in the clear treble of a young boy.

"What are you doing? Can't you leave that poor cat in peace?"

"Kitten's got snakes."

"Snakes?"

"Yessum, nasty little green snakes. Watch me kill 'em."

I daresay the snakes were killed then and there, for a few moments later a boy came whooping up the road waving two tiny little green things about his head. The boy charged up on to the piazza, and I heard him throw himself into a chair and then his hat went flying out into the road. At which I decided to put on my coat and go down and see what this boy looked like.

He wasn't particularly dirty or ugly for a boy. In fact he was a nice looking little chap, about nine or ten years old, with big blue eyes and brown hair which curled all about his ears; sturdily built and despite the rough uncouthness of his years, a gentleman, every inch of him.

The boy was inspecting some ginger cakes when I first met him, and Ida, the colored cook, was pouring out a glass of ginger ale for him. He was explaining about the snakes.

"You see," he said, "your kitten hasn't got any sense. She goes out and kills snakes and wants to eat 'em."

"What kind of snakes are they?" I asked.

"Can't hurt us," he replied, "but they ain't good for kittens, 'specially little kittens."

"And why not, pray?"

"They give 'em—little kittens, that is—indigestion."

The boy ate his ginger cake and drank his ginger ale, and then with wild eyes he began to look around for something to do. A great four-master was passing in

front of the island, bound out to sea, her sails flapping in the breeze. The boy's eyes became dulled and dreamy.

"That's what I want to be," he murmured. Then he sighed and then he jumped to his feet and without a word of thanks or farewell, dashed with a whoop after the kitten which was sunning itself in the road.

The kitten, alarmed, ran up a tree and then when the limb shook with it, got frightened and began to cry. Dale climbed up the tree and brought it down again and let it go, and then with a nod at us he plunged into the woods.

My aunt followed him with her eyes and then she sighed.

"I sometimes wish I could swear," she said, after a while.

"And why?"

"At these women up here. That boy is the only living thing on this island that doesn't know he isn't Mrs. Goodwin's son. Before I had known her five minutes she had told me all about him. He was found when he was about two weeks old on her doorstep one morning. She had lost her little boy, and she adopted him. She treats him as if he were her own, but she talks too much. Dale doesn't want good clothes and good food as much as he wants a little love. She feeds him and clothes him, but she doesn't do it because she loves him. She does it because she loves herself. She likes to have us all say she is a good woman to take care of a little foundling. I shudder when I think what that boy will do when he finds out about himself. She tells everybody she meets about that boy, and yet she has never told him."

"Perhaps she's afraid he may do something to disgrace her and doesn't want to have people think he is her flesh and blood," I remarked.

"He's much better people than she is, I'll wager," exclaimed my aunt, and that closed the incident for that day.

In my rambles over the hills and along the sea shore in after days, I ran across the boy constantly. He seemed never to rest, was always running and climbing, never out of temper, as gay and as sad as a tiny sunbeam in a forest. My aunt talked about him often and she always ended her speeches with prophecies that when the boy found out about himself there would be trouble.

And the trouble came sooner than I

had expected, for as a general thing when everybody talks about a person, that person rarely ever hears of it. It's only when you have one or two enemies that you imagine you have a hundred.

My aunt was hard at work with her embroidery one afternoon out on the piazza, and I was smoking my pipe and watching the fog coming in from the ocean. It was coming in great clouds and sweeping down over the little rocky promontory to the right of us so that at times the old seal out on the end of it could hardly be seen. The fog horns were blowing, and the bell buoys in the distance sang out dismally and plaintively.

"Why, what's the matter with Dale?" suddenly exclaimed my aunt. I looked up and saw the boy. He was coming down the road toward us, with his hands in his pockets and hanging his head like a whipped dog.

"It's out," I muttered.

My aunt said something under her breath that didn't sound like a blessing out of the Bible.

The boy stumbled up the steps, and



The boy charged on the piazza

throwing himself down at my aunt's feet buried his head in her lap and burst out crying.

Aunt Emma said nothing aloud, although I saw her lips moving and her eyes filled with tears. She smoothed the boy's brown hair and let him cry it out.

"Well," said she when only one shoulder shuddered a little every now and then, "what's the matter with you?"

Then all of his outraged feelings came out. Some thoughtless boy had taunted him with being nobody's child, and had told him the story which all the island knew. Satisfied that it was all a lie he had hurried home to get the brutal truth from the woman he had looked upon as his mother, and had got it.

"Why didn't she tell me long ago?" he complained.

"Why, indeed," I muttered.

"You must not judge her," said my aunt, quietly. "She thought it was for the best to keep it from you."

"Then there must have been something bad about my mother," said the boy, "or she would have told me."

"You must not say that. Your mother may be dead."

"I'm sure of that. She'd have come for me long ago if she wasn't," cried the boy.

"And God may——"

"What's God got to do with it," exclaimed the boy. "Why did he send me if my mother didn't want me?"

"Ah, Dale," sighed my aunt, "you musn't talk like that. God has been charged with a great many worse things than sending little children where they are not wanted. You will grow up to be a good man and make the world better for your having lived, maybe, if you are strong and brave. I had a little sister once who died just as she was really beginning to live. It was very sad and it



"Oh, Dale, you musn't talk like that," sighed my aunt

seemed strange and hard to me to think that she, who was good and pure, should die when all around me I saw wicked women and men living and enjoying life. And yet I can't help thinking now that she was happier in dying then, than she might have been had she lived."

The boy was silent for a long time. Finally he said:

"Aunt Emma!"

All the children called her that.

"Yes."

"Seems to me that only those who are dead are happy."

"Old chap," I cried.

"Yes."

"I believed you have solved the great problem of life."

"Don't mind him, Dale," said my aunt smiling, "his sweetheart will not have anything to do with him."

Dale smiled, too, and soon he was apparently all right again. He said he wanted to stay with us that night, and

my aunt sent the cook up to Mrs. Goodwin's to tell her where he was. Ida said that she seemed to be rather glad to hear of it. It saved her an uncomfortable half hour, and she was one of those women whose sole object in life is to escape bad half hours.

Dale seemed to get low-spirited again after supper, although we did our best to cheer him up. It was a bad night for cheerfulness, though. The fog had brought a storm in from sea with it; the wind howled and the thunder crashed, and the sea dashed up against the rocks like all possessed.

Toward ten o'clock we took to our beds

Then we rushed down to the porch and again I heard his cry for help, as I dashed out into the storm. It came from the very end of the rocky promontory, out in the bay.

I don't know how I did it, but soon I was out there on the slippery rocks, leaning over the last and steepest one of them, and straining my every muscle to save from the seething waters below, the little white-robed figure that clung to the side of the rock. Nor do I know how it happened, but soon I had the cold, bleeding little figure in my arms, safe at least, again in the cottage.

We dosed him and wrapped him in



—the little white-robed figure that hung to the side of the rock

and my aunt went in to hear Dale say "Our Father," and came out with her eyes wet again.

I fell asleep about an hour later to be awakened by an ugly blast of wind that seemed to be trying to tear the house down, and I sat up in bed and then I thought I heard a cry above the roar of the wind and the sighing of the waters. I jumped out of bed and looked out the window and listened very hard and then I heard it again.

"Help, help!" was the cry, and I knew the voice. It was Dale's.

I threw on a bath robe and ran to my aunt's room. I awakened her and we went to Dale's room. It was empty.

blankets and washed the terrible jagged wound in his forehead. And after a while Dale opened his eyes. He recognized us and smiled, such a faint wan little smile.

"Oh, Dale," cried my aunt, "what have you been doing?"

"Don't mind it," he said, feebly, raising his hand and patting her on the cheek. "I couldn't stand it. To be nobody's child, Aunt Emma, it was too much, really it was. I couldn't stand it. And so I went down there when I knew you were all asleep and wouldn't mind——"

"You tried to kill yourself?"

"It seemed best to me, and I didn't want to be nobody's child, Aunt Emma,

but then I thought that maybe what you said about my being a good man and making the world happier might be true, and so I was sorry I had done it and tried to save myself."

He fainted again, and we saw then that the end had about come.

"Hadn't we better send for her?" I asked.

"What's the use?" replied my aunt.

We bathed his forehead and did all we could for him. We managed to get a little broth in between his lips and he opened his eyes again.

He looked at us both and smiled and

tried to speak to us, and then his eyes lost their seeing, and he tossed his arms about his head. One flash of light blazed a tiny path; he sat up in bed, threw his arms out wildly, his lips trembled, a tear stole down his cheeks, and then clasping the Unseen to his heart, he fondled it with his cheek. Smiling he whispered "mother dear" and fell back at last.

We buried him in the little churchyard. In death he was no longer nobody's child. The simple inscription on the little tombstone read:

"Dale, God's child."

AIRSHIPS FOR WAR PURPOSES

BY

ARTHUR FIELD

NOW that war has come to be a reality with us, and the fact patent that all the known resources of science may be called into play, the question of aerial warships becomes a pertinent one.

Thus far in our combats we have managed by the superiority of our inventiveness to obtain material advantages over the enemy.

It is a question upon which the pursuance of our arms, perhaps, depends in the present case, and therefore its importance cannot well be magnified.

We have to confront possibilities with which we have not thus far calculated, in persecuting our war for the liberation of Cuba. The most probable surprises of this kind to be looked for are in the direction of submarine boats and aerial warships. The attention given by all of the European powers to their war balloon departments must be presumed to warrant the consideration bestowed upon this feature of their equipment.

One of the most prominent inventors of aerial fighting machines is Lieutenant Charles A. Kuenzel, whose patents cover some of the most advanced ideas. Lieutenant Kuenzel was formerly connected with the balloon department of the German army, and is a member of the French Academy of Inventions. As he is perhaps destined to become a second

Ericsson, a description and illustrations of his latest patented devices should prove extremely interesting at this juncture.

"The dirigible airship is the basis of all my patents," said Lieutenant Kuenzel to the writer. "It is, in fact, the basis of all practical work in balloon building to-day.

"While I have patented three of perhaps the best ideas yet evolved for aerial navigation, I have also solved another important problem in aeronautics, and can now manufacture my own gas aboard the vessel. This dispenses with ninety per cent. of the difficulty hitherto met in operating aerial machines. By a multiplicity of mechanical devices, the result of many years intense application to the subject, I have solved many other difficulties which confronted the aeronaut. My most important inventions are the triple balloon airship, the whale shaped airship and the bird shaped airship, easily distinguishable from each other in the photographs by their designations. Each of these balloon ships has its own advantage for certain purposes. In the triple balloon airship I have provided against one of the most common contingencies of modern warfare. The danger of being brought down by a shot from a field rifle is to a large extent obviated by the use of the three balloons, for should one be pierced by the enemy's shot, there would yet remain two with

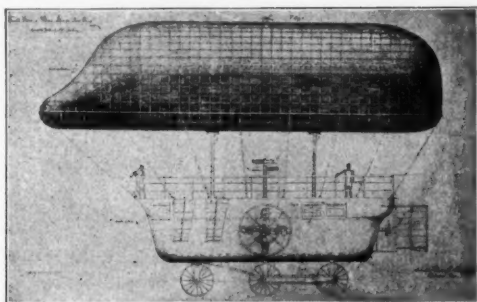
which to escape out of the range of his fire. Besides, the triple balloon possesses another great advantage in the fact that its movements in the air are so much steadier than are those of the single balloon. The ship portion of the machine is fitted up with all conveniences for the comfort of its crew and the carrying of war material to discharge upon the enemy. Dynamite can be dropped from it with the utmost precision at any point. There is a gas generator on board, and the steering apparatus is as complete and easily manipulated as that of the fastest steam yacht. Ascending and descending is made easy by certain mechanical arrangements as simple as running an elevator in a modern skyscraper building. The use of this balloon for reconnoitering, carrying dispatches, or executing offensive operations against the enemy cannot be estimated. Its lifting capacity is eleven thousand pounds, while its crew and equipment would not exceed nine thousand pounds in weight.

"The whale shaped balloon airship, as it is technically designated, has another important feature added to the salient ones which are applied to all three balloons. The ship part is boat-shaped, and is also furnished with a car for which wheels are provided, so that in case of descent it can be propelled on the ground with great facility, a very necessary provision in the case of certain emergencies which might make rapid action necessary in time of war, and save the machine from falling into the hands of the enemy. The steering apparatus and the general gearing of this machine are of a different character, in some respects, to those of the triple balloon, being modified or extended to meet the altered conditions due to the shape and purpose of this particular design. They are such as to render its handling a matter of comparative ease to an efficient aeronaut and to guarantee its safe manipulation under all ordinary circumstances to as positive an extent as that enjoyed by vessels intended for navigation on the water. The machine can be moved up or down, back or forth by means of propelling wings, variously adjustable, and automatic power to force it backward or forward upon a horizontal plane. Movements can be directed and the course changed with great rapidity, as the machinery is all designed with that point in view.

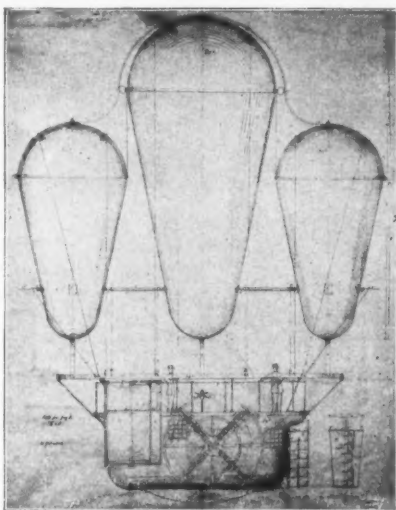
"As the bird-shaped airship is the most important and unique of the series, I will go into more extended details in explaining its method of operation, after stating that it can be by a combination of devices, be navigated with equal facility either in the air, upon land, or upon or under the water. It therefore combines all the advantages of a flying squadron in a nutshell. The airship is furnished with side propeller and wheels, operative in either direction, and also with oscillating wings which can be thrown inward or outward instantly, as occasion requires. In addition, there is a series of sails, fore and aft, on the sides of the ship, which assist in propelling and steering it. The attached car for use on the ground can be operated either by a motor or by any other power. There is an arrangement by which the air in the interior of the ship is maintained at a normal point, even in the highest altitudes. The body of the ship consists of a keel, ribs, rams and braces, the engine being located in the lower section, while the compartments for the crew and supplies are above. It is made of strong sheet metal, and designed for long voyages, its construction being of the most solid character, and the balloon having a lifting capacity of two thousand pounds. The machinery is comparable to that of a small steam yacht, but is infinitely more complicated, including the most advanced mechanical devices that could be utilized. To start it the balloon is inflated by gas, which is forced into it through a hose attached to its bottom, and when supplied it assumes a vertical position ready for ascent. The engine is then started, and the top propellers set in operation. The ropes are loosed, and the steering sails spread in light frames attached to the ship's side are kept in the desired position by the steersman. The steadying sails are then let out and the machine floats gradually upwards. Its interior is so well arranged that the crew need suffer no discomforts whatever.

"When it is desirable to transport the machine on land the balloon and side sails are detached and stowed away on deck. For transport upon water it can utilize the sails or other propelling apparatus used when in the air, the machinery to be operated all being in the interior. For submarine purposes it is only necessary

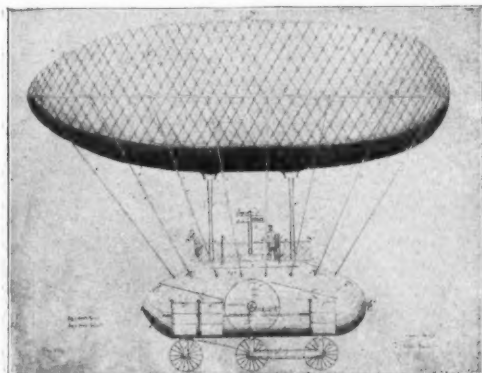
to securely close it up, so that neither air nor water can enter it. Water can be used for ballast, if any proves necessary. Obnoxious gases and foul air are discharged through tubes furnished with openings which float upon the water, and air is taken in by a similar process. It can remain for any reasonable time under the water, and facilities are provided by means of which divers can leave or re-enter it when submerged. Its movements under water can be directed with the same facility that they are in the air, and when upon land it can be propelled by means of its motor, at a rapid pace. The primary purpose for which it is designed, however, is aerial navigation. For ships it is the most perfectly complete machine yet devised as far as can be learned from all sources. Improvements are constantly being made by the balloon departments of the German, French and Austrian armies, but from the latest reports their machines



Whale Shape Airship



Vertical Elevation of Triple Balloon Airship.



Bird Shape Airship

have not yet been brought to the perfection of these described. The great problem of steering a balloon in the face of an opposite wind is another condition in aerial affairs which has been overcome in this patent. When it becomes necessary to steer full in the face of a nor'easter we have only to stop all the wings on the side propellers against the opposing wind and allow those on the other to remain in operation. With a slight breeze it would be necessary

only to stop some of them while the steering and steadying sails are trimmed to keep the ship on its desired course. For ascending and descending it is only necessary to set in motion one or other of the propellers on the vertical shaft without discharging any of the inflating gas. These machines, while costing considerable money, can be rapidly built, and are of so substantial a character that they can stand the hard usage of war. They would be found cheaper in the long run than the toys with which the war department is now busily experimenting."



THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE

General John M. Schofield
General James W. Forsyth
Major-General Martin T. McMahon

Major-General James H. Wilson
Major-General A. McD. McCook
Brigadier-General D. McM. Gregg

Major Gr. nville M. Dodge
Brigadier-General Alexander Shaler
Major-General W. Farrar Smith

THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE

BY

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

THE plan of the National Volunteer Reserve is at once simple and sweeping. It contemplates nothing less than the volunteer enrollment of every citizen willing and able in time of war to take up arms in defense of his country, and the permanent organization of a numerous body which can be called upon for service at short notice.

The roster of the men to whom belongs credit for creating and developing the National Volunteer Reserve is a long and especially brilliant one.

And how many and what stirring chapters of history these names stand for! General Schofield had to his credit forty-two years of service when placed on the retired list of the army in 1895. He was a captain of artillery when the war began, but was speedily made a brigadier-general of volunteers and, in April, 1863, advanced to the rank of major-general. Early in 1864 he was assigned to the command of the Army of Ohio, which took part with the other armies under Sherman in the Atlanta campaign. After the capture of Atlanta he was detached at the head of the Twenty-third corps to aid Thomas in the defence of Nashville, and fought the battle of Franklin, which so shattered Hood's army that its subsequent repulse from Nashville was almost a matter of course. It was mainly for his services in this battle that, by special act of Congress, he was made lieutenant-general three years ago.

General Wilson is counted by many the ablest cavalry commander produced by the war. Graduated at the Military Academy in 1860, he was made brigadier-general of volunteers in 1863 and took part in the battle of Missionary Ridge and the relief of Knoxville.

General McCook, who was graduated at West Point in 1852, commanded an Ohio regiment in the first Bull Run, and being promoted to brigadier and then major-general, was conspicuous as a division and corps commander in the Shiloh, Perryville, Vicksburg, Chickamauga and other campaigns. He belongs to the famous family of "fighting McCooks," and several of his brothers were killed while in service.

General Forsyth is best remembered as chief of staff to Sheridan, who knew a

soldier if ever a man did. General Gregg saw much shrewd fighting during the war, and it was his defeat of Stuart's cavalry that saved Meade's left wing at Gettysburg. General McMahon was successively chief-of-staff to Franklin, Sedgwick and Wright. General Thayer commanded a brigade before Vicksburg and in other Western campaigns and General Catlin rose from the ranks to a major-generalship, losing a leg at Petersburg, while General Wistar made a fine record in a number of battles between Malvern Hill and Gettysburg.

The names of the Confederate promoters of the National Volunteer Reserve suggest memories equally stirring. General Buckner is a veteran of two wars. Grant and he were classmates at West Point, and in this connection an interesting and hitherto unpublished story is told. A few weeks before the first Bull Run several Confederate officers were dining together in Richmond. The talk at table turned upon the merits of the men who then held high command in the Union Army, and it was the opinion of the majority that the ablest soldiers in the old army had cast their fortunes with the South. Buckner was the only one present who failed to agree with this belief.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there was a man in my class at West Point whom you must not omit from your calculations. He left the army years ago, and I don't know whether he is still alive or not, but if he is and turns up on the Northern side, he will make us trouble. Perhaps some of you remember him. His name is Grant."

Buckner proved a true prophet. During the following four years three of the men at the Richmond dinner table, Lee, Pemberton and Buckner himself surrendered their armies to Grant, who in 1861, had fallen so completely out of sight that his old classmates did not know whether he was alive or dead. General Buckner was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1887, and in 1896 was the National Democratic candidate for Vice-President.

Than Wade Hampton no braver man served in the Confederate armies. Among the earliest in the field, he led the 'Hampton Legion' at the first Bull Run, in which he was wounded, but as soon as possible resumed service in the army, and

was wounded the second time in the battle of Seven Pines, where he commanded the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Later he commanded the cavalry operating in Virginia, was wounded the third time at Gettysburg, and was leader of the rear-guard which fell back from the victorious advance of General Sherman.

General Longstreet, or "Old Peter," as he was called by his men, is reckoned by many careful students of the Civil War the ablest of all the Confederate captains. Cautious, clear-headed and a master of military science, no sobriquet fits him so well as that of the Thomas of the Lost Cause. John B. Gordon was its Murat. The son of a Baptist minister, General Gordon, when the war broke out, was trying to develop a coal mine in North-west Georgia. Down there in the mountains he raised a regiment of natives and reached Virginia in time to take part in the opening of the war. Within three years he rose by hard fighting and merit as a commander to the rank of lieutenant-general. As commander of the Confederate Second Army Corps he was the first to attack at Gettysburg, and he held the last line at Petersburg, fighting with stubborn valor for every inch of space. Yet General Gordon had not had a particle of military training and when the war closed was only thirty years of age. Since then he has been twice Governor of his State and twice a member of the Federal Senate.

General Wheeler was graduated at West Point in 1859 and entered the Confederate Army as a lieutenant of artillery. He was successively promoted to the command of a regiment, brigade, division and army corps, and in 1862 was assigned to the command of the cavalry of the Western Army, continuing in that position until the war closed. For the last dozen years he has been a member of the lower branch of Congress.

General Rosser was one of the most daring of the Confederate cavalry leaders. In a great degree he resembled Custer, whose classmate he was at West Point. Once at Buckland Mills, in Virginia, as he was driven out he left a message with some ladies at a farm house for the gallant leader who died on the Big Horn. It read as follows:

"You have disturbed me at my breakfast. I owe you one, and I'll get even with you."

He was as good as his word. He al-

lowed Custer to cross the creek, and then swooped down upon him while his command was brewing coffee. It took Custer twenty-four hours to gather his soldiers after this dash. Rosser is now a rich man, and it is interesting to record that it was his old chum Custer who helped to make him one. The surrender of Lee left Rosser penniless, with a wife and children to support. He was glad to accept an humble place in the construction corps of the Northern Pacific Road. There Custer ran across him, quite by accident and seeking out the chief-engineer of the road said:

"There is a man named Rosser under you as a construction boss?"

"Yes," was the engineer's reply, "and one of the best I ever had. Any thing wrong about him?"

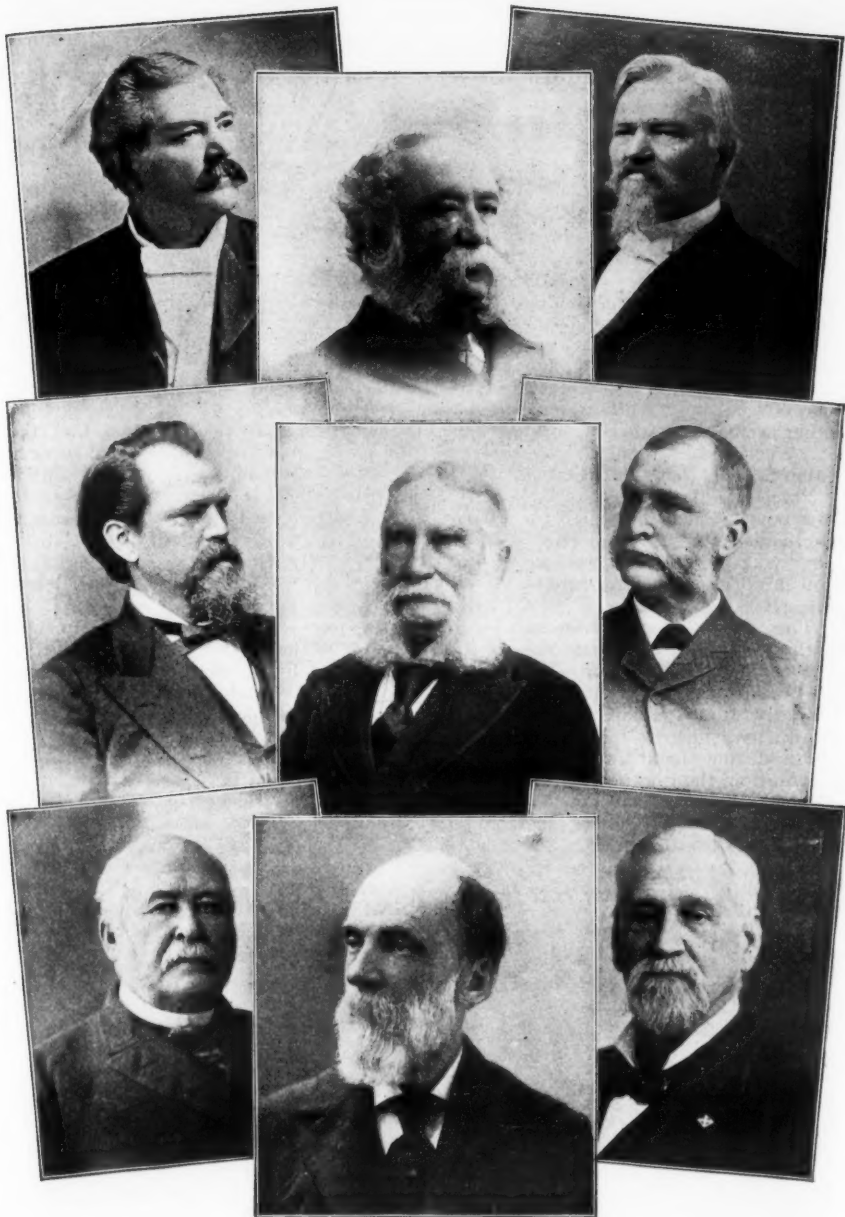
"No," replied Custer, "but he was at West Point with me, and afterward a major-general in the Confederate army. Can't you give something better than the work he is doing?"

"Why, I have been looking for just such a man," said the engineer.

And so Rosser, through General Custer's kindly offices, was made second in command of the engineer corps. When a few months later, he became its chief, he made such shrewd use of the opportunity the position afforded him for speculation and investment, that to-day he is easily worth half a million dollars. Custer, on the other hand, died a poor man, and his widow is now dependent for support upon the pension she receives from the Government.

All these men long since accepted the war as a fact accomplished, and a touching token of the new order is the dearly prized memento which General Buckner displays to most visitors to his Kentucky home—the note pencilled by General Grant when Buckner visited him at Mount McGregor. "I have witnessed since my sickness," wrote the dying and speechless captain to his old friend and comrade, "just what I have wished to see ever since the war; harmony and good will between the sections. The war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every State in Europe and a number in the East. I know as I did not before the value of our inheritance."

Grant's last message to Buckner has noble fulfillment in the creation of the National Volunteer Reserve.



THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE

Major-General Thomas L. Rosser
Lieut.-General John B. Gordon
Brigadier-General John M. Thayer

Lieut. General Wade Hampton
Lieut.-General James S. Longstreet
Lieut.-General Joseph Wheeler

General S. B. Buckner
Brigadier-General I. J. Wistar
Lieut.-General Stephen D. Lee

SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS AFLOAT AND ASHORE

BY

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

A MARINE officer, called to his last report these many years, was twitted one day by a facetious young lieutenant with the fact that the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" has, according to the old song, an anxiety only for the life of "poor Jack."

"Never a word about you marines, major," he added, with a sly wink at the other occupants of the wardroom.

"Weel"—the major's ancestors had eaten Scotch haggis in their day—"weel, that's easily explained, my boy. That same cherub's exclusive services are needed by your poor Jack. A marine, do you mind, can weel take care of himself."

The major evidently spoke with the knowledge that the United States Marine Corps has ably taken care of itself, individually and as a military organization, since its foundation in 1775, when, during the first stormy days of the Revolution, the Continental Congress resolved, "that the compact between the Crown and the people of Massachusetts Bay is dissolved," and on the 10th of November of that same year, before any naval vessel had been dispatched to sea, the corps was organized by the following resolution:

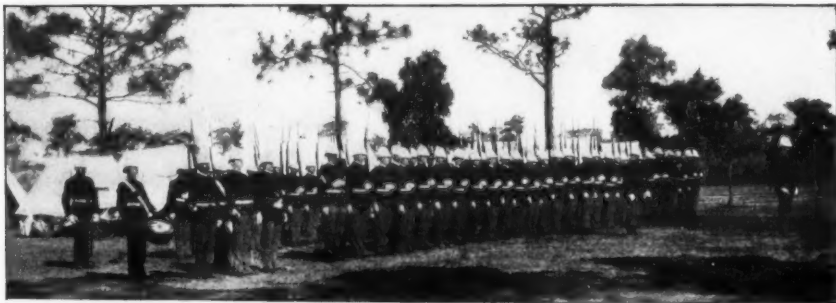
"Resolved, That two battalions of marines be raised consisting of one

colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, and other officers, as usual in other regiments; that they consist of an equal number of privates with other battalions; that particular care be taken that no persons be appointed to offices or enlisted into said battalions but such as are good seamen, or so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve to advantage on sea when required, that they be enlisted and commissioned to serve for

and during the present war with Great Britain and the colonies, unless dismissed by order of Congress, that they be distinguished by the names of the First and Second Battalions of Marines."

Two facts of interest can be noted in the above resolutions. First, that the Marine Corps antedates the navy as an organization, and second, that in those early days marines were required to be sailors as well as soldiers. When the first American naval vessels were manned, the marines and seamen were on the same footing as regards duties, and now, after many years of "backing and filling" marines on shipboard again do seamen's work in hauling and pulling, in cleaning, coaling and painting ship, and in manning batteries.

The motto of the Corps is "Semper



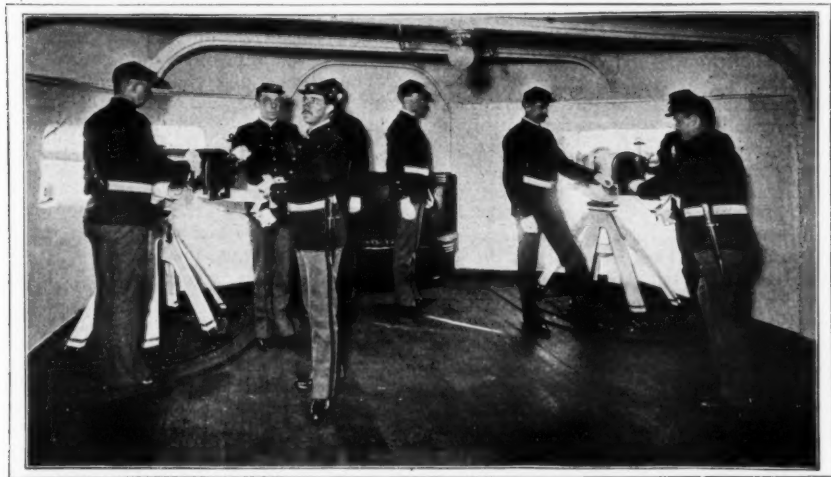
Battalion Front



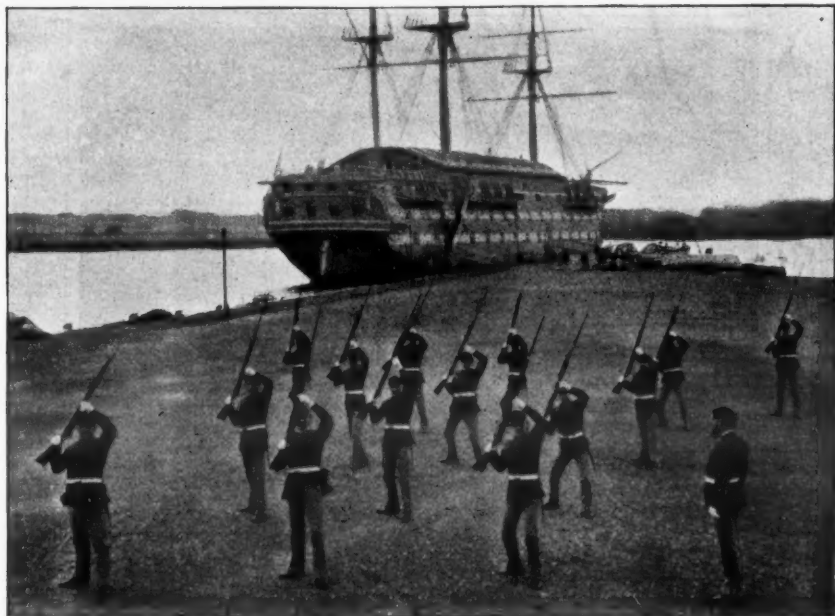
The "Marine Corner" on a Cruiser

Fidelis," and, like the "Death and Glory" motto of a famous English regiment, it has been lived up to during the one hundred and twenty-three years of its existence. The marines have been

"always faithful," and in the divers wars of the United States they have ever proved steadfast and loyal to their duty. Congress has, nineteen times, by joint resolution, tendered its thanks to the



Marines Manning a Rapid-fire Battery



Marines at Bayonet Exercise

(The Receiving-ship in the background is the old frigate "New Hampshire")

Corps, or expressed its high sense of the valor and good conduct of the men.

The Marine Corps of to-day has a muster roll of twenty-eight hundred, of whom one hundred and three are commissioned officers. The Corps is commanded by a colonel-commandant, the rank of brigadier-general having been abolished in 1874. To aid him in the discharge of his duties he has five staff officers, including a paymaster, an adjutant, and three quartermasters. The headquarters of the Corps are in Washington.

Officers were formerly appointed from civil life, but they must now be taken from the graduates of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. They enter at the foot of the list of second lieutenants, are instructed at the headquarters in Washington, and thence distributed to posts; later they may attend the artillery and torpedo schools. Being combatants, they are, in reference to line and staff, classed as line officers, except the five constituting the staff of the colonel-commandant.

On shore, marine officers are subject for detail to all military duties, and on board ship, they either command the

guard or serve as juniors with the commander. The life while on sea duty, is not the easiest in the world. The state of the guard must be reported daily in writing to the commanding officer of the ship, muster-rolls must be kept, and returns made of the clothing, arms and other property belonging to the marines.

The senior officer must exercise his men in the prescribed drills at such times and places as the commanding officer of the vessel may appoint; inspect and report his guard when mustered at quarters, see that they are properly stationed and instructed as sentinels, and frequently visit them at night. When two or more marine officers are attached to the same ship, one is required to be on board at all times for duty.

The marine officer commanding a detachment stationed at a navy yard, is charged with the police, internal government, and instructions of the marines. He causes guards and sentinels to be posted wherever required by the commandant of the yard, and makes a daily report to him of the number and disposition of the force under his command.

He issues every morning, in writing and under seal, the countersign for the ensuing night; grants the customary liberty for the enlisted men; requires the daily rations to be inspected and made to comply with the contract; reports misconduct on the part of guards or sentinels to the commandant of the yard; enlists recruits, and forwards staff returns of men transferred; sees that the exercises and formations of parades, reviews, inspections and funerals, and the camp and garrison duties are as provided for in regulations, and attends to the multitudinous details of barrack life. And those under him do their various parts with the alacrity and zeal ever characteristic of this arm of Uncle Sam's defenders.

The marines are organized as a company of infantry, and to them belong the honor of leading the landing battalions ashore. In the capacity of artilleryists they fight a battery on board ship, and as part of the crew they attend, to many duties not required of their compatriots in the army. To paint, to scrub, to coal, to walk sentry post, to fight when called

upon, and to be ever cheerful is their portion.

In time of trouble ashore in foreign ports, when danger threatens our diplomatic representatives, it is the marine guard that is called upon to afford protection. When the English bombarded Alexandria, the marines of our fleet rendered yeoman service in preventing looting, suppressing fires and burying the dead, and so well did they labor, that the records of those stirring days now lying in the files of the British Admiralty office, bear eloquent testimony to their deeds.

There have been individual feats of daring and bravery among the officers and enlisted men that would have won for them the coveted Victoria cross of England many times over. To recite one instance—in 1871, a private of marines, Dougherty by name, coolly sought out and killed the commanding officer of the Korean forces during an attack upon the Korean citadel. The description reads like a romance from Kipling's pen.

An American party engaged in the peaceful object of making surveys and



A Typical Camp Scene

soundings on the Salée River in Corea was suddenly fired upon while passing the forts, wounding two. Admiral Rogers demanded an explanation, and not receiving one, sent an expedition up the river. After a brief skirmish with the forts, a landing party was sent to attack the citadel, the grand stronghold of the Coreans. A line of marines was thrown out, to advance parallel to the right flank of the redoubt, which was selected as the point of attack, and where the advance was concealed from the enemy.

This advance was successfully accom-

As little assaulting parties of the marines advanced to close quarters, the Coreans, their ammunition apparently expended, assailed them with stones. The citadel was built upon the apex of a conical hill, about one hundred and fifty feet high from the bottom of the ravine, through which the marines had to pass to reach it.

The hill-side was very steep, and the walls of the fort joined the acclivity with scarcely a break in the line. Nothing could check the attacking party, however. The heroic McKee, one of the naval lieu-



Off Duty

plished, and the party took position along the crest of the hill, about one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy, with their right resting on a path leading to the redoubt, along which path were planted in line about twenty-five banners a few feet apart. The banners being regarded as a decoy, Captain Tilton, the officer in command, detailed only a few men to capture them. They had secured some fifteen when a tremendous fire was opened on them, a perfect hail of bullets, lasting, happily, only half a minute. As soon as it slackened, a rush was made for the redoubt.

tenants, was the first to mount the parapet, and the first to leap into a hand-to-hand conflict. There he fell, as his father fell in Mexico, at the head of his men inside the enemy's stormed forts. Other officers and men were quickly over the parapet, and a desperate struggle ensued.

Among those who had been near McKee when he fell was a grizzled-faced Irishman named Dougherty, a private from the Benicia. As the ill-fated officer staggered back, almost in his arms, Dougherty turned to a comrade and, with almost a sob, cried:



Marine Officers in Camp

"There goes one of our officers, and he was a fighter too. Damn them! I'll eat the heart of their general for that."

Casting aside his gun he snatched up a cutlass and fell upon the opposing forces with the fury of a demon. Hacking, slashing right and left, he made his way

If it was the custom of this republic to emblazon the banners of our regiments with the names of battles fought, as do the English, that of the United States Marine Corps would bear a list as long as the "main-to'-bowline."

through the foremost ranks, and finally, bleeding from a dozen wounds, he succeeded in reaching a gaily-bedecked Korean officer, standing near the ensign. A score of men attempted to stop the intrepid marine, but he eluded them, and with a shout of exultant triumph, thrust the point of his cutlass through the Korean general's breast. Dougherty was specially mentioned in dispatches, and ultimately received a medal.



Evening Retreat

THE MAKING OF SMALL ARMS

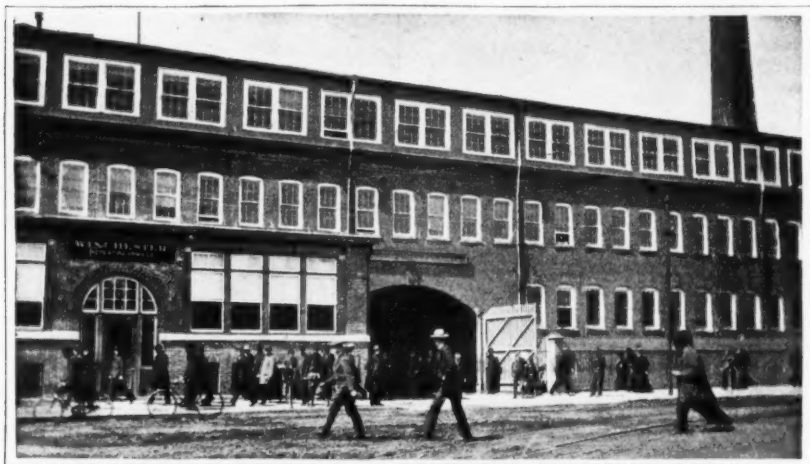
BY

THEODORE DREISER

CONNECTICUT is certainly the home of the maker of weapons. The State has within its limits a numerous company of manufacturers of small arms, whose factories are the centre and life of many of its towns. It leads the union in the number of rifles and shot-guns turned out, and the bulk of ammunition fired from Alaska to Panama is made at one of the big manufactories of Bridgeport. At New Haven, within a mile of the historic grounds and buildings of Yale University, are the thirty acres of grounds

breech and inserting a clip is rather short, when five shots are instantly ready for delivery. In addition, brass shells for the smaller forms of navy cannon are being turned out in great number, and, of course, all forms of rifles and ammunition sold to the lay public during the ordinary piping times of peace. It is an enormous concern, as measured by ordinary industries, and one which in time of war rises to the first importance.

As to location, all know that New Haven is about seventy miles from New



The Outpouring at Noon

and buildings occupied by the Winchester Arms Company, where the new navy rifle known as the Lee Straight Pull is being manufactured for the Government, under pressure of the present emergency, by tens of thousands. It is a rapid fire gun, from which five shots known to carry two miles in fair weather, may be delivered without taking the gun from the shoulder. It is loaded by inserting a clip containing five smokeless powder cartridges, and is always ready for rapid fire, as the time consumed in opening the

York, on the northern shore of Long Island Sound. The city, favored by a broad, quiet harbor, has one hundred thousand population, and for nine months of each year the transient residence of the classmen of Yale. It is a well-built, cleanly place, with a kind of classic air loaned to it by the old and architecturally reminiscent buildings of the University, and reminds one in spots of the college towns of Europe. The armory and departments of the Winchester Company are located at the southwestern edge of the

city, not quite within nor yet without the limits. They form a sort of village in themselves, wherein twenty-three hundred men and women are at work all day long, and wherein the click and beat of machinery join with the clatter and roar of large and small arms, so that it might be said that these workers dwell in the midst of alarms. The exterior is plain after the manner of all manufactories, consisting of long, narrow, four-story red brick buildings, which range as nearly as possible about a square internal space, filled with low-roofed store-rooms, foundries, smithies, testing departments, and so on. The whole

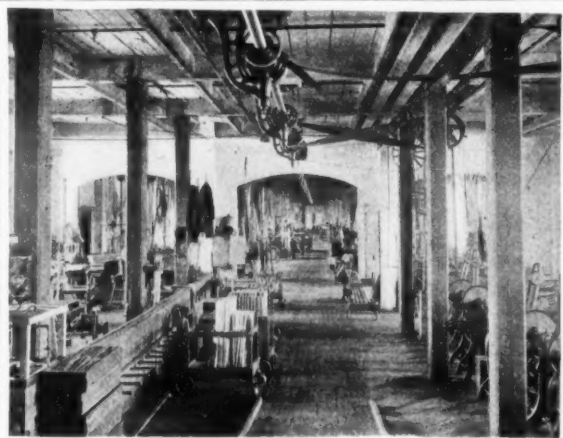
is as safely shut to the stranger as are the walls of a penitentiary, and the several gates stand closed and guarded, during all but the hours of entry and departure. Hundreds of cottages in the immediate vicinity owe their existence to the employment furnished within, and the entire city hangs more or less on the



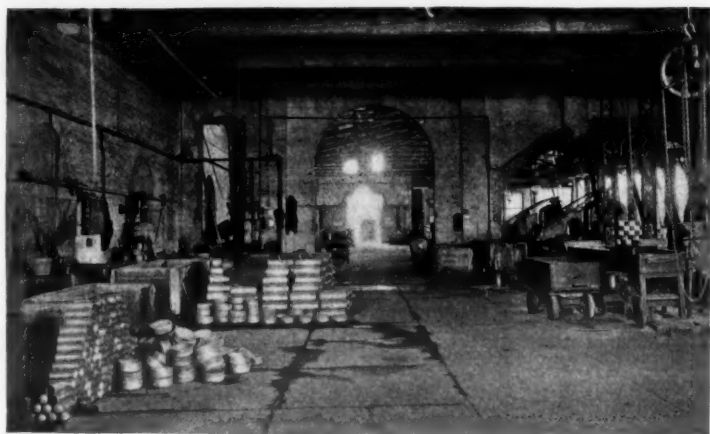
Barrel-proving Hut

prosperity of the great concern which distributes a million a year in wages. It is the largest of arms companies in America, and carries in times of war the heaviest government contracts.

An idea of the immensity of the industry can be had from a simple list of the various departments which are twenty in number, and in each of which from one to three hundred men are employed. They are (1) a drawing and annealing department where wrought iron is received in ingots and sent away in circular bars, the shape of an ordinary gun barrel; (2) a forging department, where the swell at the breech end of all barrels is stamped to a required shape by steam-hammer, and afterward straightened cold; (3) a department of turning and drilling machines, where the barrels are rough-bored; (4) a rifling department, where all rough-bored barrels



Rifling and Barrel-finishing Room



Rolling and Brass Annealing Mill

secure their right to the name of rifle; (5) a breech-forging department, where all the mechanism of the breech is by a series of forgings, drillings, and so on, prepared for its union with the stock; (6) a stocking department, where blocks of wood are slightly sprung in turning and brought back to the necessary condition of accuracy; (7) a grinding department, where hundreds of sandstone wheels are employed in removing the roughness and marks of turning from the outer surface of the barrel; (8) a polishing department, which supplements the work of grinding, and (9) a proving room, where the barrels are tested with heavy charges of powder and shot for any sign of weakness.

The remaining half of the process of rifle constructing is carried forward in

nine departments, which, briefly are, the assembling room, manipulation department, targeting alley, stability or heat-testing room, the departments of temperature, velocity, accuracy and penetration, and the departments of inlaying, packing and stuffing.

The whole work is governed by a large office corps, the power is supplied by an immense engine and boiler house,



Hydraulic Press for Lengthening Brass Shells

and a system of railway tracks penetrates the yards, connecting the works with the great metropolitan centres of the world.

The first operation in the manufacturing of a rifle is of course the formation of the barrel. For this purpose plates one foot in length and weighing ten pounds are heated to a white heat and then passed between three sets of rollers, each of which lengthens the barrel, reduces its diameter, and assists in forcing it to the proper size and taper. Four persons are employed at each set of rollers, and there being forty sets, the number of men at work present an interesting sight. Each gang consists of a foreman, who sees to the heating of the scalp and barrels; the straightener, who straightens the barrel after it passes through the roller; the catcher, who stands behind the roller to catch the barrel when it passes through, and the fireman. The rollers weigh several tons each, and forty sets



Workers at Shell-grooving Machines

are capable of turning out eight thousand barrels per day, one per cent. of which burst in the proving house.

The barrel when rolled is left much larger in the circumference, and smaller in the bore, than it is intended to be when finished, in order to allow for the



Testing Ammunition for Velocity



Inspecting Interchangeable Rifle-ports

loss of metal in the various finishing operations. When it passes into the roller the scalp weighs ten pounds; when it comes from the roller the barrel weighs a little over seven; when completed it weighs but four and a half; so that more than one-half the metal originally used is lost in the forging, or cut away by the subsequent process.

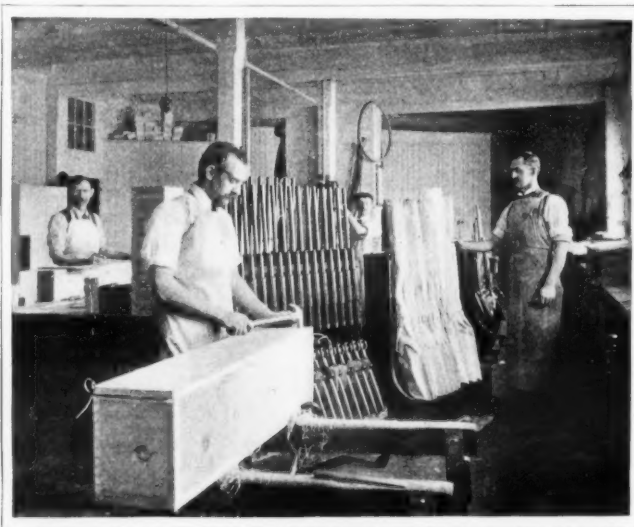
The first of these latter is the boring-out of the interior of the barrels by boring machines, to which an immense department is devoted. The machines, which consist of square, solid frames of iron, in which the barrel is fixed are set close together. They occupy a room that is darkened with the shadow of moving belts and wheels. A slowly progressing and rotating augur advances through the barrel, enlarging the cavity as it proceeds. After it has passed through, another augur, a trifle larger, is substituted in its place,

and so the calibre of the barrel is gradually enlarged to nearly the required size. The number of borings required has been cut down from six to three, and a still greater reduction is expected with steadily improving machinery.

After the boring of the barrel, it is removed to a department of lathe machines. Fastened in one

of these, it slowly revolves, bringing all parts of the exterior surface under the action of a tool fixed firmly in the right position for cutting down the barrel to its proper form.

A curious and interesting part of the work follows when the barrel is straightened. This straightening takes place continually in every stage of the work, from the time the barrel emerges from the chaotic mass produced by heating the scalp,



A Corner in the Packing Department

until it reaches the assembling room, where the various parts of the rifle are put together. As you enter the boring and turning room, you are struck with surprise at observing hundreds of workmen standing with rifle barrels in their hands, one end held up to their eyes, and the other pointing to some one of the innumerable windows of the apartment. Watching them a few moments, however, you will observe, that after looking through the barrel a half-minute, and turning it round in their fingers, they lay it down upon a small anvil standing at their side, and strike upon it a gentle blow with a hammer, and then raise it again to the eye. The thing that is really done is the holding of the barrel up directly to the pane of glass, which is furnished with a transparent slate, having two parallel lines drawn across it. These lines are reflected through the bore of the barrel to the eye—the inner surface of the barrel being in a brilliantly polished condition from the boring. When the barrel is placed at the proper angle, there are two parallel shadows thrown upon opposite sides of the inner surface, which by a slight movement of the barrel can be made to come to a point at the lower end. The appearance which these shadows assume determines the question whether the barrel is straight or not, and if not, where it requires straightening. Each workman is obliged to correct his own work, and afterward it is passed into the hands of the inspector, who returns it to the workman if faulty, or stamps his approval if correct.

The next process is that of grinding, for the purpose of removing marks left upon the surface by the tool in turning, and of still further perfecting its form. For this operation immense grindstones rotating at the rate of four hundred times a minute are used. They are fed with water, and covered to keep the stream from flying about the room. The barrel is then fitted upon an iron rod which is controlled by machinery, and here it slowly revolves, directed by a workman whose duty it is to see that the action of the stone is brought equally upon all parts.

There are twelve sets of stones in the grinding-room in constant operation. These stones, when set up, are about eight feet in diameter, and are used or worn down to within twelve inches of the centre. They last about ten days.

When a barrel has been rough bored, as the first boring is called, and before the exterior has been ground smooth or polished, it is removed to the proving-room, a small, solid-built hut unconnected with any other building. The character of this hut excites immediate attention, not alone for its massiveness of wall and roof, but for the tremendous explosions which take place within regularly every three minutes during the day. The spectator lingering for a few moments observes that the occupant of the hut, a man with smoke-stained face and grimy apron, appears at the door with a bugle in hand, upon which he blows a goodly blast. No sooner does the sound of the horn begin to die away than it is followed by a ground-shaking explosion which takes place within. A cloud of dense white smoke spreads with the sound, and in a moment completely envelopes hut and occupant from view. This interesting procedure is the outward and visible sign of the inner English Government test which is taking place. A score of rough-bored barrels are locked to a firing table which the solid walls surround, loaded with a charge of powder and lead twice as great as could be put into the shell the barrel is chambered for and fired. The blowing of a bugle blast at the door is a warning to all drivers of horses nearby, to rein in nervous ones. With the clearing of the smoke the barrels are removed and carefully inspected, and if any one shows the slightest trace of strain or other imperfection, it is condemned.

All barrels so tested are returned to the rough-boring department, where it is once more straightened and given a second rapid boring to remove the possible roughness. Again straightened, it is given what is known as the "lead test," a process that never fails to disclose any imperfection in the interior of the barrel. In making this test the barrel is held in a vise, and a plug of lead, the exact size of the bore, placed in it at the breech and expanded or upset, until it binds lightly and evenly all around the bore. The plug is then gradually pushed through the barrel with a copper rod by the expert conducting the test. The slightest variation in the diameter of the bore is instantly disclosed by the different pressure required to push the plug through the barrel.

In all shooting cartridges of different

or like calibres, containing different weights of powder or lead, require a different "twist" or revolving movement to carry them forward against the wind to the best advantage. Accordingly one of the most difficult things to determine in making rifle barrels is the *twist* or *rifling* required to shoot a given cartridge to the best advantage. A perfect twist is one which will spin a bullet fast enough to keep it *point on* to the limit of its range, and make its pathway through the air as near a straight line as possible. If the twist is too slow the flight of the bullet will be untrue, and it will "tumble" or "keyhole," as it is called when a bullet passes through the air in a lengthwise position instead of point on. On the contrary, if the twist is too sharp or quick the bullet is spun so rapidly that it is unsteady in its flight and wobbles like a top when it first begins to spin. Perfect rifling is intended to give a perfect twist, and this work forms the next great department to which the barrel after grinding and polishing takes its way.

The gun barrel, after arriving here, is placed in a horizontal position in an iron frame and clamped firmly. The instruments which perform the rifling are three short steel cutters placed within three apertures situated near the end of an iron tube. The cutters upon this iron tube are narrow bars of steel, having upon one side three diagonal protuberances of about one-sixteenth of an inch in height and half an inch in width, ground to a very sharp edge at the top. It is these which produce the rifling. The iron tube to which they are attached, is in turn fixed upon a small iron rod attached to the machine. This rod, slowly revolving, is driven through the bore, and the cutters of steel, revolving with it mark and deepen the corrugations seen in the perfected barrel—in other words, rifle the barrel. It takes some twenty minutes to rifle a barrel, and there are hundreds of rifling machines in constant operation. This process is the last which takes place within the barrel, and it leaves the bore in a highly polished and brilliant condition.

There are forty-nine pieces used in the making of a rifle, which have to be formed and finished separately; only two of these, the sight and cone seat, are permanently attached to any other part, so that a rifle can, at any time, be sepa-

rated into forty-seven parts by simply turning screws and opening springs. Most of these parts are struck in dies and then finished by milling and filing. The process of this manufacture is called *swaging*, *i. e.*, the forming of irregular shapes in iron by means of dies, one of which is inserted in an anvil in a cavity made for the purpose, and the other placed above it in a trip-hammer, or in a machine operated in a manner akin to that of a pile-driver, called a drop. Cavities are cut in the faces of the dies, so that when they are brought together with the end of a flat bar of iron, out of which the article is to be made, inserted between them, the iron is made to assume the form of the cavities, by means of blows of the trip-hammer, or of the drop. About one hundred and fifty operations upon the various pieces used in the construction of a rifle are performed by these dies. Some of the pieces are struck out by one blow of the trip-hammer. The hammer of the rifle is first forged and then put twice through the drop. This is also the case with the spring cover, mortise cover, breech pin base, carrier lever, and the other thirty odd parts which are used. Some of the pieces are pressed in shape under these steam-hammers when cold, but as a rule the swaging is done while the piece is at a red or white heat. The operations of the various steam-hammers are exceedingly interesting, and the amount of labor they save is almost incredible.

When the pieces come out of the swaging-room they have more or less surplus metal about them, which is cut off or trimmed by passing through machines designed for this purpose.

The rolling, forging and swaging-rooms are connected, and form as it were, one department. In this are the hundreds of forges, furnaces, trip-hammers, rolling mills, dropping and trimming machines. It is a place of deep shadow and smoke, filled with a wearying roar and shifting fires, and hurried through by grimy-faced, bare-armed workmen, whose world of day this is. You will understand, if you disobey, why your guide is insistent in requesting that you touch nothing. The floors are warm, the piles of iron and casts of forgings are hot. Objects of all shapes heaped in orderly piles and looking cold—block ore but slightly cooled masses of iron where

a touch will mean a painful burn. The air is thick and choking with the heat, and the smell of iron and the sound of hammers and revolving, grunting machines become unbearable.

I stated that the number of pieces used in the construction of a rifle are forty-nine; but this conveys no idea of the number of separate operations performed upon it. The latter amount to over four hundred, no two of which are by the same hand. Indeed, so distinct are the processes by which the eventual result is obtained, that an artisan employed upon one part, may have no knowledge of the process by which another part is fabricated. This in fact is the case to a very large extent. Many persons employed upon particular parts of the work in this establishment have never even seen other parts manufactured, and in general the workman understands only the process of making the portions upon which he is engaged. Of course only the leading processes have been touched upon here.

The wood from which the stocks are made is the black walnut, and comes more or less from Canada. The original blocks are sawn into a rough semblance of the rifle stock before they come to the armory. It then passes through seventeen different machines, emerging from the last perfectly formed. It has yet to be stained by the painter and ornamented (if a fancy rifle) by the inlayer before it is sent to the assembling-room, to be put together with other parts, into the complete rifle.

A gun stock is, perhaps, as irregular a shape as the ingenuity of man could devise, and as well calculated to bid defiance to every attempt at applying machinery to the work of fashioning it. The difficulties however, have all been overcome, and every part of the stock is formed, and every perforation, groove, cavity, and socket is cut in it, by machines that do their work with such perfection as to awaken in all who witness this process a feeling of astonishment and admiration. No general idea of the process can be given here, but the department must be noted as one of the largest and most important, employing as it does, hundreds of men.

When the several parts of a rifle are finished they are sent in lots to an apartment in the arsenal to be put together. This operation is called assembling the

rifle, and the room, the assembling-room. There is a large number of workmen whose operations are confined to the putting together of these parts into rifles, each one having some distinct part to attend to. Thus, one man puts the various parts of the lock together, while another screws the lock into the stock. Another is occupied in uniting the intricate parts that make the magazine and the automatic feeding apparatus which makes the rifle a repeater. Each workman has the parts upon which he is employed before him, on his bench, arranged in compartments, in regular order, and puts them together with considerable speed. The component parts of a rifle are all made according to one exact pattern, and thus, when taken up at random, are sure to come properly together. There is no special fitting required in each individual case. Any barrel will fit any stock, and a screw designed for a particular plate or band will enter the proper hole in any plate or band of a hundred thousand. There are many advantages resulting from this interchangeability of parts. Spare screws, firing pins, springs, in fact all parts are easily furnished in quantities, and sent to any part of the country where needed, so that when any part of a soldier's gun becomes injured or broken, its place can be immediately supplied by a new piece, which is as sure to fit as perfectly as the original. Each soldier to whom a rifle is served is provided with a tool, which, though very simple in its construction, enables him to separate his gun into its various parts and to assemble it, with the greatest facility. The breaking of a part does not therefore mean the loss of a rifle, as the Government keeps all the parts in quantity ready to replace.

When guns are assembled, that is, put together ready for use, they are tested carefully for manipulation and accuracy. The test for manipulation consists of working the gun thoroughly with "dummy" cartridges and firing it as a single loader or repeater, slowly and quickly, to detect any possible defect in the action. If a gun is faulty in extracting, in handling the cartridges, or does not work smoothly, easily, and rapidly, it cannot pass this test. Rifles are shot from three to ten shots, and shotguns from eight to fifteen shots, to test their action.

For the purpose of this test there are long shooting alleys or ranges of from one hundred feet up to two hundred yards in length where every gun is shot to test its accuracy, the distance varying according to the calibre. A corps of experts devote their entire time to this work, and before a gun is passed by them it must be capable of shooting seven consecutive bull's eyes on a standard sized target for the distance shot. All guns are shot to line up the sights, an expert changing them until they are properly aligned and given the proper elevation. A gun which does not make a good target is condemned.

The final processes of manufacturing which precede the inspecting, packing and shipping of guns are included in two departments: one known as the department for determining velocity, and the other the department of accuracy and penetration—two sections where the work is cleanly and rather scientific in its nature. It seems almost incredible, even in these days of miracles, that it is possible to tell how fast a bullet travels through the air when fired from a gun, yet by the aid of a wonderful instrument known as the "Le Boulange Chronograph," or "Velocimeter," it is done with absolute accuracy. The department for this purpose contains a number of these instruments, operated by two men. Each instrument is connected with a separate shooting alley, or range, where the gun is placed, and where there is a helper who loads and sets the gun in order for the test. The other workman is at a desk which supports the Velocimeter, ready to calculate the distance it shall record when the gun is fired. The Chronograph is connected with the gun from which the cartridge is fired, and with the target which its shot strikes by two electrical circuits. When the apparatus is adjusted, the signal is given and the gun is fired. The moment the cartridge explodes it breaks the circuit connecting the gun with the Chronograph, and the latter instantly begins to record the time of the bullet's flight. When the bullet strikes the target shot at it breaks the circuit connecting the target with the Chronograph, and the instrument stops registering. The register shows the time taken by the bullet in traveling from the gun to the target, and as this distance is known, it is a simple process to calculate the velocity of the bullet in feet per second.

The second of these final manufacturing tests is in this department devoted to discovering the accuracy and penetration of rifle shots. Here is another series of shooting alleys, with targets at the end. Before them are ranged in a row a number of men who have a gun rest before them, and a telescope at their right hand, through which they can study the distant target. A rack containing rifles is at their left hand. These they take, one by one, place in the rest before them, load, and after carefully sighting, fire. They then look through the telescope to see how near the centre the shot has struck. This sighting and firing is repeated over and over until the gun is known to be accurate or defective. If the latter it is returned for examination.

Penetration is also determined here by shooting into fine boards of a given thickness. The number of boards that a rifle shot should penetrate at the standard testing distance of fifteen feet depends upon the size and character of the cartridge as much as it does upon the quality of the gun. Certain makes must send lead into wood a given depth or they are defective and are returned for general correction. The new navy rifle drives its bullet six feet into ordinary pine wood at a distance of fifteen feet, and each rifle must equal this. Men are constantly engaged in firing to ascertain penetration, and a troop of boys are employed to bring in the wood shot at to the inspector, who notes whether the proper penetrative force has been attained.

Guns passing the tests for manipulation, accuracy and so forth are given a final inspection for exterior finish, etc., and are then ready for the store-room, packing-room, and subsequent market.

Over this vast organization where thousands of guns are daily turned out complete, the most careful watch is maintained. Nothing could be more admirably planned, or more completely and precisely executed than the system of accounts kept at the offices, by which not only every pecuniary transaction, but also, as would seem, almost every mechanical operation or act that takes place throughout the establishment is made a matter of record. Thus everything is checked and regulated. No piece, large or small, can be lost from among its hundreds of fellows without being missed somewhere in some one of the hun-

dreds of columns of figures. Indeed the whole history of every workman's doings, and of every piece of work done, is to be found recorded. Ask the master armorer any questions whatever about the workings of the establishment, whether relating to the minutest detail, or to most comprehensive and general results, and he will take down a book, in which some figure or column of figures will make answer to you.

And yet, when one comes away, out into the simple world, where there is no roar of countless machinery, no hurry of thousands of hands, no evidence of a careful and exact system, the memory of the

great plant with its floors and dark shop and thousand noises becomes a strange evil, making for war. Its motive force is destruction. Its product weapons. It exists because men slay and will not be at peace, and so the mind carries the thought as a burden. And yet this is sometimes modified by the higher thought that it is the enemy of war, in that the motive is to make implements wherewith to compel peace. In such a light the endless procession of guns is not so bad, nay, it is even satisfying in that war by them is made so swift and decisive, that after a while there may be no longer need of war.

MISER TOM*

BY

FRANK H. SWEET

THE wind came fitfully over the broad sheet of water known as the Salt Pond. It was a "weather breeder" the farmers said, and they made their horses go a little faster, and began to calculate how much work they could get in before the storm came. Off in the northeast sullen masses of clouds began to gather and spread out over the sky. When they crossed the sun they cast the dilapidated buildings of the town farm into alternate shadow and sunlight. And with the shadows the wind became suddenly sharp and raw, but grew warm again when the shadows disappeared.

"Drat th' pesky wind!" grumbled an ancient pensioner, as he rose stiffly from the bench in front of the almshouse and hobbled toward the door. "When I was a boy th' weather had some sort o' cons-hunts an' didn' fiddle round this a-way. I'm goin' in side th' fire."

"Bedad, an' that's me idea, exactly," agreed a blind Irishman, as he rose cautiously and held out his hand for some one to lead him.

One after another the rest followed until at last there was but one old man left on the bench. He sat staring at the ground as though unconscious of what was going on around him, but as soon as the last footstep died away in the entry he rose and glanced about sharply. Then

he shuffled across the yard, stopping here and there as though he had no special object in view, but all the time edging in a certain direction. When he reached the woodpile he stopped and looked around abstractedly, then he moved on to the pigsty and appeared to study the habits of the grunting inmates. After awhile he straightened up and glanced keenly from under his bushy eyebrows. No one was in sight. A moment later he disappeared through the doorless opening of the great, tottering barn.

At the same instant two keen old faces appeared from behind the entry door, followed presently by two bent, decrepit forms.

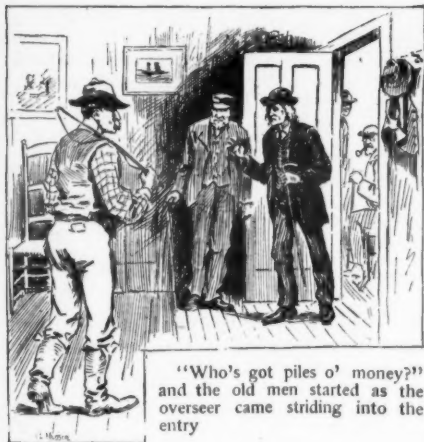
"Th' ole fox's gone t' peek at his money bags," croaked one of them. "Consarn his pacter! He's slyer'n an' ole turkey hen a-hidin' her nest. 'F I've watched him once I have a hundred times. Las' week I went t' th' barn a-puppose an' hid 'n th' meal chist, an' don't you think he come'n sot daown on th' chist 'n' kep' me thar two mortal hours."

"'N' ain't I watched him fr'm the hay-mow, 'n' fr'm th' stables, 'n' fr'm under th' waggins?" chimed in the other. "'N' didn' he go a-pokin' 'n' a-p'ilanderin' roun' like an old fool as didn' have nothin' t' dew 'cep' keep folks a-waitin'.

* (Copyrighted 1898 by Howard, Ainslee & Company.)

I believe he'd scent a man like a dorg does a rabbit. He's got piles o' money some'r's, but we ain't goin' t' see it."

"Who's got piles o' money?" and the old men started guiltily as the overseer came striding into the entry. He was a big, rough man who towered head and shoulders over them. Just now his hat was pulled down over his eyebrows, and he was striking his boots impatiently



"Who's got piles o' money?" and the old men started as the overseer came striding into the entry

with his heavy riding whip. The old men glanced at him and shuffled uneasily.

"Why, ye see 't ain't nothin'," deprecated one of them. "We's jest a-talkin' 'bout ole Miser Tom, an' his keepin' his money hid. Ev'rybody knows 'bout it."

The overseer's face cleared a little, and he pushed his hat back from his eyebrows.

"Yes, I know something about it," he said, more affably, "but not enough. I've had an eye on him the past six months, but don't seem to make much headway. I'd like to sift the whole thing to the bottom soon's possible. If old Tom's got money, of course he can't stay on the town farm; if he ain't, why, the sooner these stories are broke up the better. But he's such a fool I can't seem to git any thing out of him by questions."

"He ain't such a fool's he 'pears," objected one of the old men, dryly. "When I'm a-watchin' him I gin'rally have an idee 't I'm th' fool. An' as t' th' money, he's got it—piles 'n' piles. I know that. How he ever come t' git on the taoun farm's a myst'ry t' me."

"He was brought here before you came," said the overseer. "Some men stopped at his hut in the woods an' found him almost dead from starvation. He didn't want to come at first; said he'd lived there all his life an' couldn't bear the change. But after awhile he gee'd round an' liked it first rate. Don't s'pose he'd ever had enough to eat in his life before. Now, you couldn't hire him to leave the farm."

"But how'd he come t' git all his money?"

"Tain't sure he's got any. His father lived in the hut before him an' had the name of being a miser, so Tom comes nat'rally by it. Both were thick-witted an' flighty, an' kep' to themselves, an' of course folks talked a good deal. After Tom came here he used to go back to the hut sometimes, an' folks said he brought his money away in the night an' hid it in our old barn. At any rate, he stopped going all to once, an' now you can't scasely git him out of sight the barn. That's what got me to thinkin' there might be something in the talk. But you said jest now that you know'd he had money. What'd you mean by that?"

"I mean 't I've heard him say so himself, time 'n' time agin. His bed's next mine up 'n th' attic, 'n' he's a great way o' talkin' t' himself arter he's 'sleep—drops off soon's he teches th' bed, 'n' then talks like a house afire th' whole 'ndurin' night. Gabbles 'bout his pretty babies, 'n' his little darlin's, 'n' his beautiful shiners. Las' night he got t' chucklin' t' himself 'n' kep' a-sayin' 't he'd got a fortin, an' nobody didn't know; 't he'd allers keep his little tin box shet so 't nobody couldn't see. Now, 'f that don't mean 't he's got money hid away, then I ain't sayin' any more."

The overseer looked serious.

"Yes, the fellow must have money," he said. "Well, I will have a talk with him at once an' let him know the town farm ain't a free boarding-house for millionaires."

Settling his hat once more over his eyebrows, he turned and left the entry abruptly. The old men looked at each other and grinned.

"Th' ole man's sorter riled," one of them said with a chuckle, "but I'll lay a dollar he don't git t' see Miser Tom's money. S'posen we foller on, sorter easy-like, 'n' see th' fun."

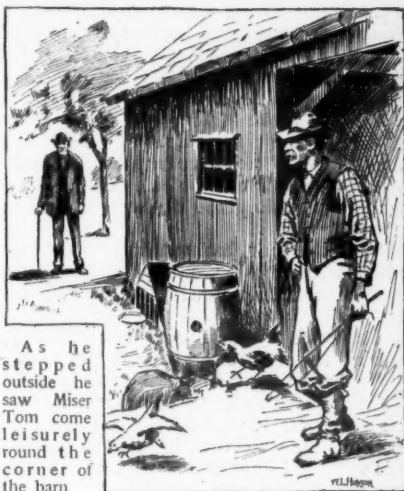
But Miser Tom was not easy to find.

The old barn was a great rambling structure that had been intended to meet all the requirements of a large stock farm. But the stock farm itself had been only a dream of an impecunious man of ideas. Long before it was completed, the small capital had been used up, and the farm passed into other hands. No further work had been done on the barn, and it was allowed to fall into gradual decay. Now, it was only a monster ruin that shook and trembled with every wind. Sometime, the overseer intended to pull it down and make a smaller one of the material. But the sometime was always put off into the indefinite future of a shiftless farmer's life.

During all these years it had gradually become a vast storehouse for the useless articles of a large farm. Crowded together in reckless disorder were broken wagons and carts and sleighs, and farm tools of all descriptions; two or three old boats that had outlasted their usefulness; the great white top of a picnic wagon; and over and among all, a careless profusion of broken bits of harness and rope, bunches of hay and straw, legless chairs and tables from the house, and the thick, gray dust of accumulated years. Overhead were isolated heaps of hay and straw and bog grass, and among them wagon tops and miscellaneous articles that were deemed too valuable to be stored with the things below. There was still another floor up under the roof of the barn, but this was left mostly to the pigeons and bats, and to such roving hens as had not yet settled down to the unambitious ways of their kind.

To the boys who lived on the farm the old barn was always a place of wonder and delight. On hot summer nights the more courageous stole from the house and groped their way up to the piles of hay and listened all through the long hours of darkness to the strange moaning and whistling and rapping that come from the dark corners. And they shivered with delighted horror at the thought of countless ghosts flitting about them.

The overseer paused in the open doorway and glanced around. No one was in sight. Then he called sharply, but no one answered. Two or three hens flew heavily from stolen nests among the wagon bodies and disappeared through a hole in the floor. A cloud of dust rose



As he stepped outside he saw Miser Tom come leisurely round the corner of the barn

from the debris and after a few moments settled back again softly. The overseer pulled his hat further down over his eyebrows.

"The feller's skulking round here somewhere," he muttered, angrily. "Jest like's not he's watching me from behind some waggin-body."

But a thorough search failed to reveal him, and at last the overseer left the barn wrathfully.

As he stepped outside he saw Miser Tom come leisurely round a corner of the barn.

"Why, you—you scoundrel!" he called, wrathfully. "Where have you been all the time? Didn't you hear me call?"

Miser Tom looked up vacantly.

"Hey?"

"Didn't — you — hear — me — call?" fiercely.

"Ye-s, I b'leeve I did hear somebody callin' Tom," the old man answered, deliberately. "But how's I t' know 't was meant for me? Thar's lots o' Toms on the place."

"Well, 'twas meant for you. Now, look here; you an' me has some business that's got to be settled right straight off. How much money've you got, an' where is it?"

"Me—got money?"

"Yes—you! I know all about it. I don't want to be hard on you, but this

thing's got to be settled right now. If you stay on the farm you must pay your board. If you don't pay, you clear out. Do you understand?"

Into the dull eyes of the old man came a troubled look.

"But I ain't no place t' go," he said, tremulously, "no place 'n th' whole wide world. An' I'm too ole t' work. I wouldn't hev no place t' sleep, 'n' nothin' t' eat."

"That's your lookout, not mine," replied the overseer, curtly. "You have money, haven't you? Come, tell the truth."

The old eyes roved unconsciously toward the roof of the barn.

"Y-es, I've got some," he said, slowly, "but not t' spend. 'F I spent it 't would be gone, an' 't wouldn't come back no more." He stood clasping and unclasping his withered fingers for several minutes, then he looked up piteously.

"Can't ye let me stay jest a leetle longer?" he asked. "I 'n do consider'ble, choppin' wood. 'N' ye see I've got sorter used t' th' place, 'n' kinder hate t' go 'way. I'd most likely starve."

"Very well, starve then," and the overseer turned sharply and walked toward the house. At the woodpile he paused.

"Get your things picked up," he called. "You must leave to-morrow morning; an' mind you, don't ever let me see you back here agin."

Miser Tom did not answer. His limbs were trembling, and to his face had come a gray, ashy pallor. Sinking weakly upon a piece of timber he buried his face in his hands.

"Thar ain't no place for me t' go," he moaned, "not ary place 'n th' whole wide world. 'N' I can't spend my babies; no, I can't, I can't, I can't. I'll starve fust."

The two old men lingered about the poorhouse door for some time, and then went inside. The crouching figure on the timber was not so entertaining as they had anticipated.

After a time Miser Tom rose and went in to pick up his things—an old pair of shoes and an extra shirt, and a coat and battered hat that had belonged to his father.

He would not come down to supper. When his attic mates went up stairs they found him

in bed, with his head under the clothes.

Some time in the night the inmates of the garret were awakened by a cry of fire. The room was brilliantly illumined, and outside they could hear the crackling of flames. After a moment there was another cry of "The barn! the barn!"

Miser Tom sprang up with an exclamation of horror. When the others reached the open air they saw him rushing into the burning building.

"Stop him, some of you!" called the overseer, excitedly. "The barn's ready to fall."

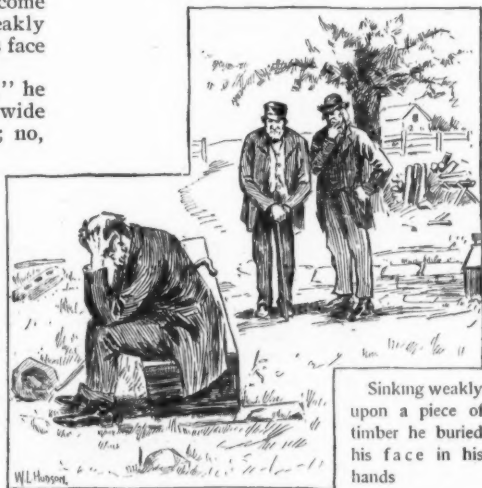
But it was too late, and they gazed at each other with whitening faces.

"Well, s'long's his money' got t' burn I guess he'd ruther burn with it," said one old man, philosophically.

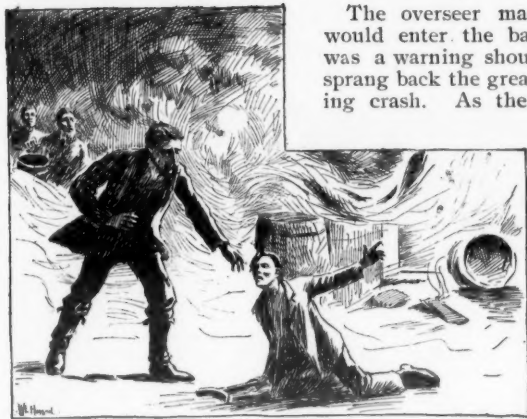
One, three, five minutes passed; then Miser Tom came staggering through the smoke and flames, his hair and clothing burned and his face black and livid. But in his hand was a long tin box.

"Here! take it, quick!" he called to the overseer, as he tossed rather than handed him the box. "Keep it till I git back. Don't let nobody tech it. Little lame Billy's in the barn. I seed him. He must a slep' thar," and before any one thought to prevent him he was back in the midst of the flame and smoke.

They were all silent now, listening to the fierce crackling, and watching the flames as they crept up to the roof and



Sinking weakly upon a piece of timber he buried his face in his hands



Billy pointed to the barn

along the rafters. Now and then they heard the crash of a timber as it fell into the fiery depths of the barn. Five, ten minutes passed, then they saw a movement near the door, and a moment later a figure staggered out, fell, and tried to crawl toward them.

There was a great shout, and the overseer sprang forward and caught the figure in his arms.

But when he came back the shout died away. It was the lame boy.

"Where's old Tom?" the overseer asked, as soon as the boy could speak.

Billy pointed to the barn.

"He brung me—down stairs," he gasped, "fur's th' door—'n' then he fell, 'n' hollered fer me t' hurry—fas' ever I could—'n' I did."

The overseer made a movement as though he would enter the barn, but at that moment there was a warning shout from the paupers, and as he sprang back the great building fell with a resounding crash. As the flames shot up he took the lame boy in his arms and moved toward the house.

"No use waiting here any longer," he said, hoarsely.

An hour later they were all gathered in the great kitchen of the almshouse. The tin box was on the table.

"Might's well open it 'n' see what th' ole man had," some one suggested.

"'Twon't do him no harm now."

The overseer did not answer. But he took up the box and began to unwind

the long strings that fastened it. As he raised the cover a curious smile crossed his face.

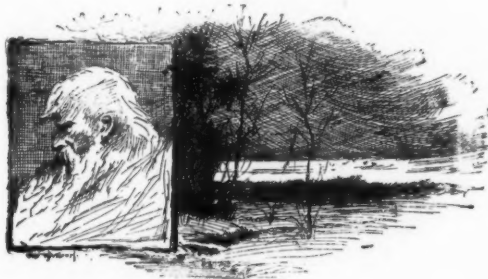
"Here's Miser Tom's fortune," he said, grimly, as he poured the contents upon the table.

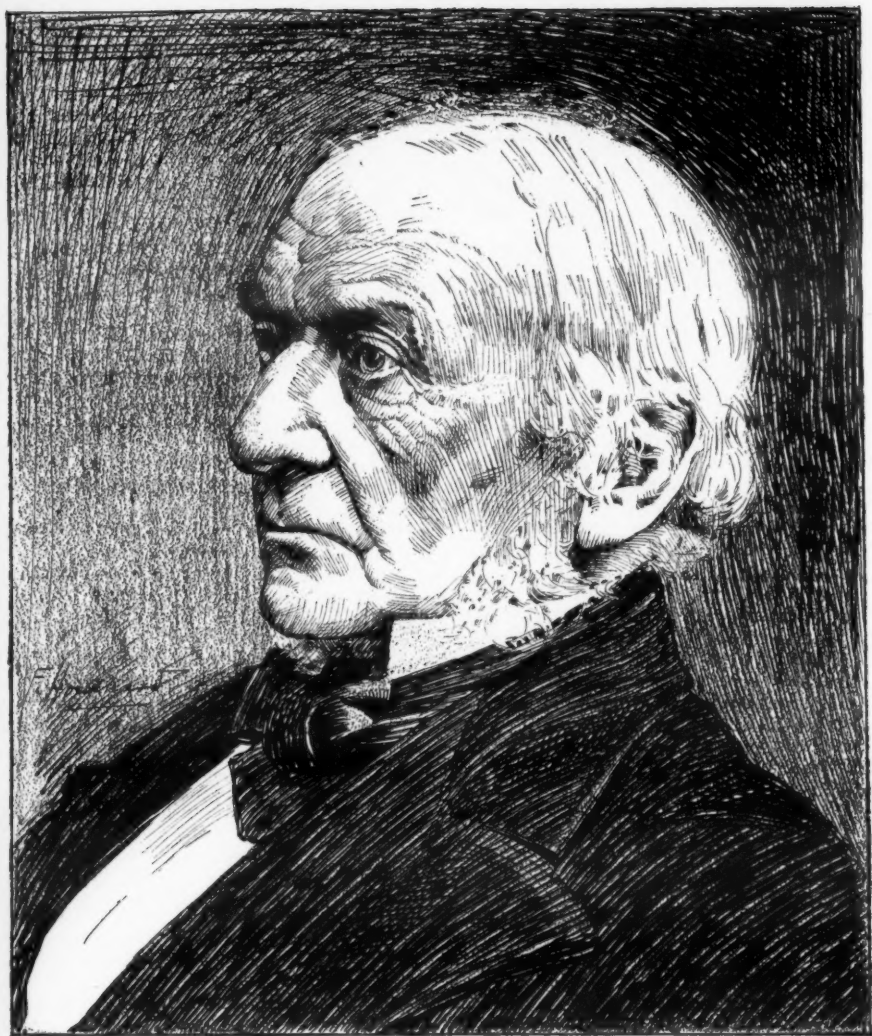
The paupers crowded forward, and then looked at each other in dismay.

"A han'ful o' big coppers 'n' an ole-fashion spellin' book," grumbled one. "Miser Tom was a bigger fool 'n I thought."

The overseer counted the coins slowly. When he reached fifty-two he stopped.

"Fifty-two cents and the old book," he said. "Not a very big fortune, but it meant a good deal to old Tom. I guess we'll let Billy have it to remember him by. Now all of you go back to bed."





GLADSTONE

THE GREAT COMMONER

BY

JOHN GIBLON

HE is dead. He who tasted of life so long, so deeply and so well is gone from us. Amidst the crowding doubts which impress themselves upon our country-love in this period of our embarkation upon the sea of conflict, it is meet that we pause to contemplate one who, before an hundred claims to our attention, was a builder of history: that in scrutinizing the pages of his making we may turn from them to approach with a surer faith and purer purpose the writing of our own.

But here we may not detail the story of that life which in the fullness of its events rivals the century which contained it. Embracing as it does within its lapse the makings of a volume, we shall merely seek the salient feature of that life. To the peak of the mountain we shall at once ascend and, in the good time of greater leisure, coming down we shall more particularly inspect the slope and reach our knowledge and judgment of the whole by the inspiration we drank in at the summit.

It must be seriously conceded that sincere attachment to a form of religious worship and piety in the pursuit of dogmatic precept by individuals in these days of man-made progress is seldom looked for and rarely found. But despite these new conditions, from which we may not withhold recognition, we cannot but describe Gladstone to be a *religious* man and to entitle him a statesman led by conscience. After this first hour of his departure has passed to the realms of yesterday, when judgment of his merits, his efforts and his deeds shall fall to unborn men even they, in search of explanation for an act, an attitude, a metamorphosis, will turn at last to the single lamp which dissipated the mists that overhung his pathway and which alone can reveal its turns and reverses in the retrospect of his career: that he believed in the Deity and acted upon his belief.

"To live is to change," said a great man of the Victorian era whom Gladstone's shade has followed. And Gladstone truly lived and truly changed. In traversing the distant footway which stretches from the narrow denial of the

vital principle of the social life of modern man to the broadest recognition and concession of that principle every step was conscientious. Apply this light to his multiplied eccentricities of thought and the hidden logic appears. Does ever man seem so nearly irrational as in his subjection to the arbitrary monitorship of that we name "conscience?" By this erratic agency the natural succession of thought and action is twisted, turned and overturned in a manner wholly mystifying to the subtlest powers of common sense. And if one beneath the plague of such an influence gives voice to his doubts of this, that and the other thing; asserts one thing one day and denies it the next, and so permits deed to weaken deed and thought to kill thought, who is to blame us for dubbing him fanatic or fool? If he conceals the battle which agitates within himself and keeps its noise and clamor from his ear and does well for himself generally he becomes rational, acceptable and companionable. Again if he tells no one of these secret contentions but hearkens steadily to the inward mutterings, inexplicable inconsistencies mark his course. The friend of to-day is estranged to-morrow; his faith of yesterday is apostasy to-day. Surely we are justified in defining him as "unstable." And with this word the voice of the chronicler characterizes the political life of Gladstone; and, measuring by our rules and formulae, we may not deny it.

In his youth he defended the morality of slave-holding, asserted that its authority lay in Scripture, and advanced its practical vindication by the conditions out of which it was evolved. True, his father was a slave owner, and the motive of the justification may have found a root in selfishness. But it is an unseeking selfishness which leads the son to champion the sire. Later, when the greater stamina of increasing manhood had come, he conceded the justice of Abolition, contending only for a sane and measured method in its accomplishment. Already the faculty for change had been manifested. But there is an inconsistency in which the steps of progress are forwarded

by the conversion of logic and which becomes a consistency more ornamental and more pregnant with power than that asinine immovability which too frequently usurps the term. In the thirties he had denounced the Reform measures which marked England's movement into another epoch. With all the fire of youth he feared and condemned and resisted "that uninquiring and indiscriminating desire for change among us, which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief."

But later days beheld an older tongue expel from the same mouth words of exhortation, invocation or demand for a more generous rectification of injustices, a far wider extension of national privileges than had been dreamt of by the formulators of the measures he had once so strenuously opposed. Behold the spirit which dominated the prosecution of political projects against which good Englishmen set their faces with the desperate firmness they had opposed to a physical disaster:

"You may slay, you may bury the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfillment:

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor."

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great social forces are against you; they work with us; they are marshaled in our support. . . ."

This is the voice of a prophet. The occasion of the address marked a material defeat for Gladstone's party; and heralded the everlasting triumph of Gladstone's principle. The grand trust had come to him at last and with its arrival came the end of change. To guard the people; to love the people; and to trust the people. From decades of doubt, decision and counter-decision came forth this final faith. He had always believed in God. At last he believed in man. Henceforth he did good. The old narrowness extinct—his heart could have loved the five races.

His eye turned westward and saw a sister nation, stripped of the proud emblems of her ancient glory; bleeding

from the wounds of centuries; bent to earth beneath the yoke of implacable oppression; beseeching of power almighty a cupful of pity. Then came the "golden age of Liberalism." Gladstone, the statesman, approached the task of Gladstone, the humanitarian. Returned by an enthusiastic electorate with an irresistible support behind him he addressed himself to the work of justice. A church, imposed upon a people whom fifteen centuries could not have made its converts, was disestablished; and Ireland drew breath. In quick succession he introduced the Land Bill, designed to mitigate oppression in the system of land tenure on the separate isle, which cried aloud for relief.

"That where there has been despondency there shall be hope; where there has been mistrust there shall be confidence; where there has been alienation and hate there shall, however gradually, be woven the ties of a strong attachment between man and man." These were what he hoped to accomplish by the new measure, his heart full of wishes for the estranged people. It was a sympathy which once had been unknown to him. But who shall impeach the inconsistency?

Life-experience inclines us to the belief that with the full heart goes the fool mind. Gladstone had a full mind and a full heart. The clamorings of suffering, injustice and human degradation rang loud in his ear but not loud enough to subdue the fainter monitions of practicality and honest expediency. Long since he saw what is destined to appear to ourselves in a stronger light with each new political experience. That the people would insist upon that measure of self-government which the ballot ensures to them, he knew. That they must be fitted for its use by education he deemed indispensable, seeking not to arm them with a weapon for destruction alone, but with an implement for the upbuilding of their state in honesty and progressiveness, its higher character to be the measure of a stronger vitality. It was he who designed the Elementary Education Act of 1870 which opened an opportunity for knowledge to the poorest—they whose aspirations he had once regarded as threatening "a melancholy preponderance of mischief!"

Then came the thanks of the multitude in the defeat of his party. He subse-

quently retired from the leadership at the dictates of "personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life." It was a grateful dispensation of Providence that twenty years later he was permitted to avail himself of another such opportunity, for he was destined to again respond to the call of persecuted men and to loose the great tongue against the horrors of the "unspeakable Turk." He upbraided Disraeli, the perpetrator of the Anglo-Turkish "peace-with-honor" bargain. Once again the English people were awakened by the power of that strong voice, and he who had entered on preparation for his declining day was recalled to the arduous tasks of state. Age had no power to weaken him. In the prosecution of his purposes he retained all his old-time vigor. In his schemes for the self-government of Ireland, embodied in the rejected Home Rule bills of 1886 and 1892, he outlined the only method by which the triple kingdom may be truly united, testimony to which is afforded by the Conservative appropriation of their spirit and their propositions, modified and attenuated in accord with the policies of that party.

But the monument of a statesman's

genius lies not exclusively in the laws he may have placed in the statute book. His failures illumine the pathway of his successors. A great measure passes through its baptism of contempt, enmity and defeat, which, eradicating its imperfections, vivifies it with a constant life and implants it in the minds of men who at last rise irresistible in the strength of its purpose; and they who owned but scorn, acknowledge truth or adopt it for the sake of their own immunity. And so with the unfulfilled projects of Gladstone. When time shall test, select or abandon, the thought, its virtues or its imperfections the rejuvenation of its good will then be accomplished; and by others than he who breathed it into it the life that made it powerful.

His place in history it would not be nice to discuss. We know his place in our hearts; and that is enough. If his opportunities were littler than those of men whom the world will call greater, his glory will be no less. Quality in duty is acquired by wholeness in its performance not by the magnitude of what it concerns. And if that be untrue, he is now beyond the uncertain gratification which our vanity derives from the ever-shifting plaudits of men.

IN STARLIGHT

Of't when the night is white,
White with the shimmer of stars,
I see a face,
In a far off place,
Where the golden gate unbars.

There are tears in her watching eyes,
Though the angel chorus rings
In her heedless ears,
And the two sad tears
Tell why she never sings.

But I know that the maid my mate,
Who never nested with me,
Still waits and will wait
By the golden gate,
Till the time of my coming shall be.

MEN AND MATTERS LITERARY

AN HONEST NOVELIST

TO say that a man is a famous writer, means to most people nowadays, that he is a famous novelist. For in lieu of poetry, we have verses; in lieu of essays, editorials; in lieu of letters, telegrams. It would not be too bold, even, to say that no history is being written, were the answer not prompt to the retort of a hundred tongues that we have no time to write history, since we are making it, and that, God be thanked, most gloriously! Of famous novelists then, we have all kinds, as the vendor drones of his wares. There are the problem novelists, who vivisection a people,

a city, a trade or a vice, rarely, if ever, a virtue. Their proper aim is to show incontrovertibly how certain misfit folks in certain misfit circumstances can be just as utterly and eternally wretched and dismal as a rainpour on a bridal day. There are the chrysanthemum and carnation novelists who simper artlessly through lovely pages about gilt-headed damsels and slum chapels. The fame of these gentlemen hangs on their fortune in preserving abundant and well-barbered locks of their own, add to which, a real talent for being ridiculous and freakish, while seeming sincere and intelligent. Many more there are of like pretensions and shallow reputation; but there is none too many of such as may be classed as honest novelists. These are graphic delineators of men, women and events, who have no problems to propound, no hair to cultivate, no public to befool. They believe and practice that the true burthen of a novel is to tell a story. Among such dignitaries of fiction the author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "A Woman Intervenes," "Revenge," "The Mutable Many" and "The Countess Tekla" occupies a rank as conspicuous as it is deserved. The world knows the books, but from them it can hardly know the man, whose personality is divivable only in the vigor and earnestness of his work.

If it be a good and interesting thing to have

acquaintance with these volumes, it is not the less pleasing a privilege to have acquaintance with their maker. A man who is not tall, not stout, and yet who impresses one somehow as being big; a man whose keen grey eyes observe everything and look every corner fair in the face; a man of melodious voice and fluent talk, who states his beliefs with British sureness, who smokes cigarettes incessantly as a Parisian and who sees a joke with the wit of an American.

It was charming to hear him chat with so much generous appreciation of his comrades in letters in literary London. How greedily the reading world devours every tittle of gos-

sip about those authors whose creations have come to a place in its affections with more reality than the men and women who travel every day together to business! How much more fascinating to feel the presence of one of them and gather from him small talk of the personal side of the hero-worship.

It is not vital to the celebrity of "Soldiers Three" or "The Recessional" to learn that Kipling years ago used to give rare entertainments in his bachelor's hall in Villars street. Yet one likes more the man, who is such a champion with the pen, because he seeks fun and enjoys it like the rest of us. We admire the true poet in

him for handing such an inspiration as "The Recessional" to the *Times* and for refusing to be paid for it. Nor was this a pose; it is a practice and has not been paraded. Above all, it is exhilarating to hear a frank admiration of Kipling's genius and greatness of soul from the man who is to him so fair a rival and so worthy a friend as Robert Barr.

The same candor inspires his feelings towards many others of his profession, with whom he enjoys intimacy, Conan Doyle, Harold Frederic, Barrie *et alii*. If he were the least successful of them all, which he is not, one could not put a higher estimate on his delightful sincerity. Thus does he earn by double merit his distinction as an honest novelist;



ROBERT BARR

and his adventurous career has afforded him materials to furnish the world with countless hours of keen and clean amusement. Robert Barr is not a college-bred man, and with characteristic openmindedness, he admits that a classical education must have surely enabled him to avoid some of the obstacles which have beset him in the building of his mind. But he has attended that university of books, which Carlyle declares to be the equal of the most carefully mapped curriculum; and he has studied men with advantages that must almost always be denied to the academician. He has taught school and thus known children as even a parent cannot; he has been a reporter and correspondent and seen life, as it were, under a reading-glass; he has been made a chief of the tribe by a band of Indians and thus studied the heart of the savage. In fine, his days of earnest effort have taught him much of books and more of men. It is not to be wondered at, then, that his books contain so much which hits the heart straight and hard; or, since his own is so sensible, that touches the heart deeply with unforced pathos and irresistible humor. The proudest that can be said of Robert Barr today, after a survey of the ever-increasing betterment of his successive productions, is that there is yet to be given to the world the full-ripened fruit of his exceeding endowments and his honest aims.

Richard Duffy.

ONE who reads Opie Read's books, and who is not to the same manner born, enjoys his charming stories because of their charm as stories. He who is familiar with the *locale* of the plots sees something else, and that a something which is more important from an artistic standpoint. It is the simple, homely, wholesome realism that pervades the work and prevails in it.

A wisp of hay caught on the branches of a tree by the roadside tells that a hay-laden wagon has passed that way, and that little sign is sure to fit in somewhere with the time and tendency of the story; a lonesome 'possum hanging by his tail to a limb of a paw-paw bush, will be a touch of detail for an incident in the woods; the plaintive, far-away, call of a dove, deep in the forest, blends with a love sorrow or a picture of Sabbath country peace; the shout of a wayfarer, "Fetch over the canoe!" and the flash of a red skirt among the willows at the river's edge, is a shading of a life; the rhythmic beat of a galloping horse's hoofs tells something of the rider's errand; the splash of a rain-drip in the open bosom of a rose and the music of trailing hounds in full cry, speak of a southern morning—everywhere, the reader breathes the true atmosphere in which the story lives.

It is the nature of the man to do this. His close observation and deep reading, with the great gift of a high and broad intelligence, have enabled him to do it surpassing well.

And yet the casual reader would not suspect Opie Read's attainments, for people read his books without thought of their rhetoric, or diction, or prose, or poetry, or style. They read them for what is told there, and this is

the sublimated consummation of literary art.

Opie Read is a student of the classics. Thrown into association with him, the person who is capable of knowing, quickly discovers that fact, and yet there is no more evidence of pedantry about him than there is about the plainest farmer in Tennessee or Kentucky—not as much. He talks well and knowingly on any subject that well-read people are liable to discuss, and be it politics, theology, science, hygiene, history or what not, it is part of his curriculum and he is informed.

For the developing of his characters, for the truthfulness of his situations, for the correctness of environment, for the demands of cause and effect, he studies things, from the pipe of a quail to the theories of philosophers; from the chirp of a cricket to the wisdom of Shakespeare and Solomon; from the track of a rabbit to the discoveries of Edison; from the ribald song of a wharf rat to the harmonies of grand opera.

Read is a Tennessean by birth and rambled over the South in his young manhood, gathering himself. He has written about twenty novels, probably a thousand short stories, and a few dialect poems. His books have sold more numerously than those of any American novelist, who writes cleanly, and his literary work of all kinds is in such demand that his physical ability is overtaxed, and yet he is a man of wondrous physical strength, as well as mental.

W. L. Vischer.

MEMOIRS AND SOME NOVELS

Mgr. de SALAMON. UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF THE INTERNUNCIO AT PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION, 1790-1801. With Preface, Introduction, Notes, and Documents by the Abbe Bridier, of the Clergy of Paris. Portraits. Crown 8vo. \$2.00.

THE discovery of lost historical documents bears with it all the romance of a treasure trove; and when the documents have so much of the value and charm as characterize such a work as the *Memoirs of Mgr. de Salamon*, the importance of the find is inestimable. Students of history can never learn too much of that volcanic event of history, the French Revolution; and these memoirs afford them quite a new light on the subject because they emanate from one whose post of eyewitness was rendered doubly remarkable and interesting by his office of Papal Internuncio at Paris during the wildest days of the Reign of Terror. The *Memoirs* are divided into three parts, the first treating of the Internuncio's imprisonment at the Abbaye with a number of Catholic priests, nearly all of whom perished in the terrible September massacres. The second portion deals with the *Chambre des Vacations*, of which Abbe de Salamon was a member, and before which law suits were brought during the interim created by the suppression of the parliaments. The abbe's connection with the body led to his being proscribed by the existing government under Robespierre, and the chapters he devotes to his pursuit and escape give a vivid impression of the years 1793 and 1794. The third part is devoted to events occurring under the directory,—Mgr. de Salamon's correspondence

with the Pope resulting in his arrest, trial, and final acquittal. The Memoirs abound in anecdotes. "Without any premeditation," says a writer in "Les Etudes," "in quite an off-hand way, just as if he were merely chatting or telling a piquant anecdote, M. de Salamon causes a numerous gallery of scamps, rascals, tremblers, dastards, ingrates and assassins to defile before us; then, with sudden changes of the scenes, a number of admirable figures—Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth and so many intrepid and faithful men and women of the people."

The Abbe Bridier, who came into possession of these forgotten MSS., quite accidentally merits gratitude for the conscience and intelligence with which he has put them forth to the public. The Memoirs were originally written, and with much reluctance, at the request of Madame de Villeneuve, Countesse de Legur, at the hospitality of whose noble family, the prelate had experienced much kindness after his return to Rome. Unfortunately the house declined into poverty and "the library was sold, all of it save these manuscripts, the dear memorials of happier days and a much loved guest." But the lowest ebb had not yet been touched. Finally even the Memoirs of Mgr. de Salamon were sold, but with much mystery. So they disappeared. Fortunately a certified correct copy of the original had been made, that which fell into the hands of Abbe Bridier and which is now published for the first time.

The following description of the Internuncio's arrest and presentation before a committee, of which Marat was a member, will only give a fair idea of the simple direct language and dramatic manner which is the most fascinating quality of the Memoirs: "I was brought before a little committee composed of five members. Among them I recognized Marat, who was to become so celebrated and so terrible, and from whom a fearless young girl, Charlotte Corday, worthy of a better fate, delivered France. This monster, who had received the appointment of veterinary surgeon to the stables of the Comte d'Artois, had, on a certain occasion, been consulted by me as a physician. The wretch already bore in his soul, a soul as hideous as his face, the germ of his future atrocities, for he wrote

out a prescription for a medicine that would have surely killed me, if the famous druggist of the Rue Jacob had made it up for me. 'Why,' he said, 'it is pretty evident this medicine cannot be for you. It is horse medicine. I recognize the signature of your doctor. He is a madman.' Apparently Marat had looked on me as a subject from the stables he physicked, and good to try an experiment on!

"The scoundrel burst out laughing as soon as he saw me, but did not insult me, as the other ruffians had done.

"It was this same Marat who, on meeting me later on, in the stone-gallery of the Palais-Royal, shouted to me: 'Take good care of your ears!'"



OPIE READ

HARVARD EPISODES. By Charles Macomb Flandrau. Published by Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

THE great risk the cleverest of narrators incurs in centering his stories within the precincts of a university is dullness or commonplace almost inevitable to the narrowness of the field. Charles Macomb Flandrau has delicately obviated this danger by calling his tales simply episodes. The reader scarcely looks for the body that a real short story should have; and it is but just to say that in more than one of the seven episodes which make up the book, he is agreeably surprised. The most ambitious of them all is that entitled "Wolcott, the Magnificent," and its ambition is justified by the success with which it gains its end. It is the story of a great, blundering, half-bully, half-child of an athlete, who is supporting his tutor, a starved and naked genius who is working his way in blood-sweats through the university. "He had not gone to college to drift with the stream. He was there, primarily, to acquire information along certain lines laid out in the curriculum, incidentally to fight hunger and cold and darkness. If he could be 'sandy' and healthy and lucky enough to stick it out for four years, he would have, at the end, concealed somewhere about his person, that distinction (of many differences) a college education. 'Sand' he had, an incredible amount of it. But the trait had bid fair to destroy his health before it discovered his luck. . . . He had

taken care of furnace fires, cleaned cellars and backyards, shoveled snow, and cut grass, until these varied avocations, together with the remarkable work he did in his studies, and the farcical meals he cooked himself broke him down. . . .

Fortunately McGaw fell at this moment into kind hands, and we are glad to read that he was not destined to the bitter fate of so many who try to work their way through college. "Wellington," which is possibly the shortest of the episodes, is undoubtedly the finest. For pure, manly pathos to exceed that which is the dominant note of this sketch, one must have read many volumes of short stories. The style of the book is correct and crisp; the author can turn an epigram sharply and develop the dramatic possibilities of his scenes with power. It will be interesting to see him write in a wider field.

A DAUGHTER OF STRIFE. By Jane Helen Findlater. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

THIS story is laid in London in 1710, and it tells the griefs and pains of one Anne Champion, a straw-plaiter, who slaved and starved in a garret while loving and loved by her sweetheart who had gone as an army surgeon to Flanders. The villain of the book is a false friend of the surgeon, who returning to London with a message for Anne Champion, is smitten with her charms, which even the squalor of her surroundings failed to obscure. He tells her that her lover has fallen enamored of a Dutch maiden and while Anne is in the agony of a breaking heart, he politely suggests himself to supplant the said faithless knight. Anne marries him. The ceremony is a mere farce for the parson is no parson at all. After her child is born her worthy lover lets her know this. Anne, in a fit of disappointment and disgust, abandons him and the child and goes back to her garret to die. The second part of the story describes the love of her child for the daughter of Anne's first and always faithful lover, and the author succeeds in imparting to this portion of the novel much of the needful fire which is lacking from the early chapters. On the whole, however, the execution of the book is inferior to its conception and one can have only regret that such a decent story was marred in the telling.

THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN; A Relation of Some of the Passages in the life of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, sometime Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay. By George R. R. Rivers. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

THE author of this historical novel has spent most of his life, as he states in his note to the reader, on the estate in Milton, once owned by Governor Hutchinson. The tales and traditions of the place inspired the story, which he works about his old home. As in a former work, the author insists upon the historical accuracy of his production. One will take his word for that, but the most cool-blooded must admit that he has done well not to claim any similar credit for the books' value as a piece of fiction. The characters and sem-

blance of plot which the book contains, constitute materials out of which a story teller with real dramatic instinct and the soul-saving gift of humor might have constructed a novel of quaint and fairly exciting interest. But the reader has no recompense for use of time and eyesight in conning pages which tell how some Sons of Liberty sit down in an inn on New Year's eve—any other eve would have done, save for historical accuracy—and talk over plans for the assertion and ultimate accomplishment of their noble aims for freedom, in the drowsy manner of conversations at a pink tea. An acute differentiation of character would have struck some sparks from the flint of such momentous confabbing. There is none. No dramatic situations are developed; no attention is paid to the real idiom of the language of the day; there is no humor, no pathos, nothing but a book, which from the manufacturer's point of view is as exquisite an example of taste in printing and binding, as the most finical of book fanciers might desire.

FREE TO SERVE. A Tale of Colonial New York. By E. Rayner. Published by Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

IT is perhaps somewhat late in the day to commend this novel, which has had so successful a reception since his first appearance a few months ago. The fact that the author is not known or famed by name, inspires one to believe all the more in the solidity of the reputation of the story. The opening chapter is full of fine mystery and keen action. After the third chapter the movement is perhaps a trifle slack; but once the strange voyage of Aveline and her worthless brother is over, and the tale is laid precisely in old New York, the reader's appetite never falters until the end is reached. The style of the book is quite fair; and the defects, which the captious might pick in the author's method of developing his plot, are such as even the best novelists may at times be accused of. They are more than compensated for by the general worth of the story.

THE announcement in the *Bookman* that Mr. J. M. Barrie has written an introduction to the British edition of Mr. Cable's novel, "The Grandissimes," and that he is preparing a similar paper for a book of the late Mrs. Oliphant, inspires a hope that the gentle chronicler of Thrums may not err into the broad and easy walk of the snappysayist, reviewer and logroller. There is no more deplorable result of the quick copy-making mania of this age than the decline of certain of our novelists, who have positive powers of their own, into mere prattlers over the productions of others whose powers are anything but positive. In literature as in making shoes, 'tis the man who sticks to his last that acquires and maintains success.

THE sole poem published from the pen of Gladstone, which was written in 1836, three years before the appearance of "Church and State," has been widely reprinted since his death, and merits much of our attention both from our reverence for

the man and from the real dignity and pathos of the performance. The poem is entitled, "On an Infant Who Was Born, Was Baptized and Died on the Same Day." The following selected stanzas give a fair idea of the strong rhythm and noble religious feeling which pervade the poem:

"How wast thou made to pass
By short transition from the womb
Unto that other darkness of thy tomb,
O babe, O brother to the grass?
For like the herb, so thou art born
At early morn;
And thy little life has flowed away
Before the flowing day;
Thy willing soul hath struggled and is free;
And all of thee that dieth
A white and waxen image lieth
Upon the knee.

"For on that one, that well spent morn,
Unconscious thou wert borne
To wash the baptismal stream,
To gain thy title to the glorious name
Which doth unbar the gates of Paradise,
And thou wert taken home
Before the peril that might come
By thy parents' human pride
In thy soft beaming eye;
But not before
Their blessings on thee they might pour
And pray that, if so early bloomed the tide,
Yet God might speed thee on thy path
Through the void realms of death,
And Christ reserve thee in His bosom peace
Till pain and sin shall cease;
Till earthly shows shall fly and they
Shall wake to life with thee from clay."

GERTRUDE ATHERTON wrote the letter quoted below to the *London Author*; and it is of so much curious interest to Americans that, we wonder the celebrated lady did not "say it to our faces."

"I am always interested when Americans attempt to 'spoke my wheel,' although not always moved to comment. But I think that Mr. Norman Haggood should explain why it is that if the people of the United States do not 'take me as seriously as the English people do,' I cannot write an article for a newspaper, much less a novel, without throwing the entire United States press into a ferment. Some two years ago I published a letter in the *London Chronicle* in which I rashly instituted comparisons between Englishmen and American men, to the advantage of the former—solely on account of the many more generations which had contributed to their building; and although the most exciting and important presidential election of recent years was at its height, I received a sufficient number of abusive articles from the American press to paper a good-sized flat. And when 'Patience Sparhawk and Her Times' appeared, there were only two papers that did not arise and vociferate at it—the *Boston Herald* and *Town Topics*. In fact I have had a similar experience in a greater or less degree with every book I have published, although the antagonism of the United States press has been far

more persistent and loud-voiced since I came to England to live. The reason is a simple one. The Americans cannot stand criticism from anyone. But criticism from an American-born who has taken up his residence in a foreign country, and thus gained two ears instead of one, irritates and worries them out of all self-control and perception of justice. If I romanced about them they would, beyond doubt, ignore me, but as I have never in a single particular deviated from the truth nor been guilty of an exaggeration, they have tried every possible method to frighten me into the peaceful realms of obscurity. Of course there are Americans and Americans. A large and enlightened class understand that the country needs an impartial critic more than any country on earth. I hope I shall never do the United States an injustice, but I shall certainly not be deterred from telling the truth about it in every book I write.

"Gertrude Atherton.

"22 Granville-place, Portman-square, W."

A little poised thought on the literary career of Gertrude Atherton will convince the fair-minded that this respected and excitable lady errs in two things. She takes the United States too seriously; and she takes herself too seriously. The lot of a reformer has ever been laid with more thorns than roses; and when that reformer addresses the to-be-reformed public with an utter disregard for the syntax of the said public's mother-tongue, the reformer can hardly expect anything less than a "hot" reception. To hint that by going to a foreign country she has "gained two ears instead of one," leads the clear-minded reader to believe that Gertrude Atherton, Critic Impartial to the U. S. A., must have been a very strange person when she set foot on Britannia's shores; also that this eminent Critic Impartial is more given to judge by what comes to her through her ears than by her eyes, i. e., she pronounces by hearsay. "If I romanced about them they would, beyond doubt, ignore me!"—and certainly if Gertrude Atherton, C. I. U. S. A., showed no more of the all-redeeming gift of humor, than is discoverable in this epistle, the fiction-reading public would do well to ignore the author, however charming a person she might be. "Of course there are Americans and Americans." This, my friends, is one of those stupendous sentences which we are accustomed to see only in author's year-books and calendars. 'Tis a crime to hide it in a letter; yet, it is possible to believe that with the addition of the immortal phrase "and there are others," the pregnancy of the sentence would have been wonderfully enhanced.

The final shot of the letter in which Gertrude Atherton, C. I. U. S. A., assures the world that she is going to tell the truth about us in every book she writes is tremulous and terrific with portent. How is she going to do it? In preface, footnote or appendix? Or does she intend to write nothing but books about the United States. It is terrible to think of genius thus consecrating itself to ingratitude. Why not veer off the beaten tack and tell the truth about Portman Square or the Zoo?

THE PUBLISHERS' CORNER

AINSLEE'S VS. —

THE blank can be filled in to suit, with the name of any other magazine. Kindly forget for a moment that there is any difference in price between AINSLEE'S and the other. Make a comparison of merits—consider the standard of the writers, the quality of illustrations and the quantity and diversity of superior reading matter. You may perchance find a page or two more in case you have selected an especially bulky magazine for comparison, but has it held your interest as well? Have you found more really worth your while to read in the July issue of any magazine than you have in the July AINSLEE'S? There is a preponderance of matter germane to war in our current issue. This is but in keeping with our well-defined policy to give special consideration to timely topics. There is no subject that so nearly approaches the hearts of the people as this same war. As the campaign against Spanish cruelty and oppression progresses, AINSLEE'S will follow the march of events. You will not get the first news of battle here—that is the province of the daily newspaper—but as events develop new heroes, new methods of warfare, and new fields of action, AINSLEE'S will give you the latest and most accurate information.

THE PHILIPPINES

As an example of our work in this direction: the Philippine Islands have come into sudden prominence in consequence of Admiral Dewey's magnificent victory in Manila Bay. Little is known of these islands by the general public. As it is possible that they will hereafter be a part of Uncle Sam's domain, we have secured a special article for the August AINSLEE'S, composed by one who has spent many years in these islands, and is amply qualified both by experience and ability as a writer to give an entertaining and instructive account.

THE BREAD RIOTS IN ITALY

And the possibility of an Italian Republic combine to arouse inquiry as to the present condition of that country and the causes which have led up to the existing situation. This subject will be ably treated in the August AINSLEE'S in an historical article upon the decline of Italy, written by an eminent authority upon the subject.

OTHER TIMELY ARTICLES

It is impossible to specify a month in ad-

vance the entire make-up of a modern up-to-date magazine such as AINSLEE'S. We have under consideration several opportune articles upon current matters of interest, and shall publish in the August issue the most pertinent of these. The events of a day or of an hour may change our plans in this direction, but we promise the latest and most desirable selection from the choice at our command. Our readers may rest assured that no magazine will give them a more desirable collection of war literature than AINSLEE'S; and further, that all subjects of world-wide importance will receive due attention at our hands.

FICTION

While war topics will occupy a large portion of the forthcoming issue, the department of fiction will be by no means neglected. On the contrary, the August AINSLEE'S will be par excellence in this respect. It is a large boast to make, but we say it with full confidence that the public will agree when the issue is placed in their hands, that proportionately considered the August number will contain a better selection of fiction by great writers than any magazine at any price has ever held within two covers.

There will be, among others, a new story by A. Conan Doyle, one by Opie Read, one by Anthony Hope, the first of the series of six by Robert Barr. It is needless to dwell upon the merits of such writers as these. Every intelligent reader knows the literary reputation of these authors, and it would be equal to an attempt "to gild refined gold, or to paint the lily" to expand upon the merits of such celebrities. We have entitled this issue "The Midsummer Fiction Number" in view of its surpassing merit in this regard.

RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE

It is with great pleasure that we announce to the readers of AINSLEE'S, the closing of a contract with the noted American writer, Richard Henry Savage, for the publication of a series of stories from his pen. Col. Savage is well-known to fame as one of the most prominent of American novelists, and his books have met with wide-spread popularity. Col. Savage is a graduate of West Point, has had commissions, military and civil, which have called him to nearly every portion of the globe, and with his keen powers of observation, he has been enabled to store up a fund of information, which has proved an inexhaustible mine from a literary standpoint. His success as a novelist has been almost

meteoric since his debut in this field in 1897, and the readers of AINSLEE'S are to be highly congratulated on the future and exclusive treats in store for them in this direction. Col. Savage ranks as Senior-Major in the U. S. Volunteer Engineer Brigade, and is a thorough American. It is very gratifying to the publishers of an American magazine to be enabled to introduce to a wider circle of readers, an author, born, reared and developed under the Stars and Stripes; especially so, as Col. Savage has heretofore resisted all efforts to induce him to enter the magazine field, preferring to confine himself to books exclusively. But, as we have intimated, AINSLEE'S is nothing if not progressive.

THE PRICE

It is perhaps unnecessary to call attention to the price of AINSLEE'S which is but five cents per copy, but we mention it here in order that the readers may not imagine they are reading of the list of contents of a twenty-five cent magazine, as might well be presumed from the character and diversity of material. We have previously stated that it is our intent to make the best magazine that money can procure, regardless of cost, and trust to the impression we create upon the public to make the venture ultimately profitable to us. We ask no one to do more than purchase one copy from the news dealer for five cents. If it does not come up to our claims, you place yourself under no further obligations—but if you find it all that is claimed, there is no reason why you should not purchase a copy each month, or in case that you are not convenient to a newsdealer who carries it in stock, remit 50 cents to Howard Ainslee & Co., 81 Fulton street, New York, for a year's subscription.

THE SECOND VOLUME

The August issue is the first number of the second volume of AINSLEE'S. The record this great success has made during its first volume is not such as to fill us with alarming fears for its future. When our intention to enter the field with a five cent magazine was made public, predictions were freely made that it would prove a failure—either from the fact that we would not produce a first-class magazine at the price or else that we would lose so much money in the undertaking that we would soon abandon the enterprise. Neither of these contingencies have arisen. We are producing a first-class magazine, selling it at five cents, and have no intention of changing our policy in any particular unless it be with the purpose

of giving even a better magazine than was originally planned.

A SIGNIFICANT STRAW

One of our agents, at present located in the greatest literary centre in America—a city where true merit is necessary in any publication to win a substantial success, writes as follows: "I find from a canvass of the trade that while, owing to the war excitement, the sales of other magazines are steadily decreasing, AINSLEE'S is increasing in sales with all newsdealers. The trade in general have sold their entire supply of the last issue and placed an increased order for the forthcoming number. It is rapidly distancing all competitors as you may see from an inspection of your present order from this city."

The same story comes to us from our agents in all sections of the country. Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans and the other great cities vie with Boston and New York in reporting largely increased sales for AINSLEE'S month by month. As previously stated, we have set out to secure the largest circulation of any magazine published, and each month brings us appreciably nearer the goal. All we ask of the public is a fair field and no favor.

AN ESSENTIAL QUALIFICATION

What a magazine does not publish has perhaps as much to do with its success as what is finally printed. There is never a lack of manuscript on hand for forthcoming issues of AINSLEE'S, mainly of first-class character, and written by authors of acknowledged ability. With such a wealth of material, the most careful discrimination is necessary to make the most acceptable selection. It is a well-known fact that great writers have their "off days" in common with those of less renown. Because a manuscript is submitted by an acknowledged master of literature is not necessarily convincing proof that the article is that which best suits the public, or that it is written up to the writer's highest standard. One of the principal claims of AINSLEE'S is not only that we publish the work of the best writers, but that we print only the best efforts of their pens. It is not sufficient for the editors to know that the author has done well in his past efforts—he must do equally as good or better for us. And therein lies one of the secrets of the phenomenal success of this magazine—an insistence that every article accepted for publication must contain in itself the highest order of merit, independent of the popularity and fame of the contributor.

A LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.

IT had been the intention of Michael Finn to educate his son as a lawyer, but the boy had shown such a decided aversion to this profession that a family council had concluded Mickey should be a doctor. The convincing argument in this decision had been formulated by Mrs. Finn, when she said:

"Mickey, darliut, it's aisy to be a doctor. All ye have to do is to look at a man's tongue, ax a few foolish questions, write a little Eyetalian on a piece o' paper, and charge a dollar. It's aisy, me bucko, mighty aisy. I'd be a doctor if I were you, allanna. Won't you, dear?"

"Faith, I will, mother, if it plazes you. I'll cure father's rheumatiz, and I'll fix you up when you have a cowl'd."

In pursuance of this laudable and ambitious resolve, Dr. Chalker was consulted, who loaned Mickey an elementary book on physiology. The boy could read fluently, but there were so many technical terms in the book that it was a severe test to his patience to keep at work. But he was so anxious to excel, and so much afraid of being laughed at in the event of failure, that night after night, when the supper dishes had been cleared away, he pored over the book until at last a dawning perception of the mysteries of the human body came to him, and he began to take a positive delight in his study. At the end of three months Mickey had a smattering of knowledge regarding adipose tissue, corpuscles, connective tissue, oxygen, manganese, fluorine, carbon, and a hundred other things of which the lay mind is presumed to be in absolute ignorance.

One evening when the customary small talk had been exhausted, Mr. Finn turned to his son, and in a semi-facetious manner said:

"I suppose you are a doctor by this time, Mickey. I wonder could you tell me what makes your mouth open? Ha! ha!"

This the paternal Finn considered to be a poser. But his son was equal to it. He replied, reading from the book:

"The mouth is opened by the anterior belly of the digastric, mylo-hyoid and genio-hyoid muscles."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Finn, stroking his chin reflectively, and rather surprised at the celerity of the reply.

"Well, if that's the case," he continued, "what is it that shuts your mouth?"

"Tis shut by the combined action of the masseter, temporal and internal pterygoid muscles. The external pterygoids acting together thrust the jaw forward; it is reacted by the posterior fibres of the temporal."

This reply somewhat staggered Mr. Finn. However, it was inconsistent with his pride to confess his ignorance on any subject.

"Well," he remarked, "they didn't t'ach science that way in Ballyhaeg whin I was a lad, Mickey. My t'acher used to say, 'whin your elbow crooks your mouth opens, and I've it go at that. But, tell me, Mickey, what happens when you are 'atin' your food?"

"The grinding movement," replied the boy, "is performed by the alternate action of the external pterygoids. You see, it's like this, father, d'ye mind: The tongue on the inner and the buccinator on the other side, press the food bechune the teeth, and the action of the zygomatici help to keep the buccinator and the mucous membrane of the cheek from being included between the teeth. That's plain to you, ain't it, father? You see, the zygomatici are——"

"Mickey, darlint," interrupted his mother, who had been an attentive listener to all that he had read from the book. "Mickey, allanna, I am afeard you are learnin' bad thricks. Ain't that zygo you were talkin' about a swear word?"

"Oh, no, mother," replied the boy; "that's only a scientific lollogical term."

This reply was made without consulting the book.

"Biddy, don't be talkin'," exclaimed Mr. Finn, angrily. "What do ye women know about 'nolledge? Go on, Mickey. Tell us more about 'atin'. What happens when ye swallow?"

"Well, when you have your food chewed," resumed Mickey, consulting the book again, "the stylo-glossus and intrinsic muscles of the tongue carry it over the epiglottis into the aoesophagus."

"Sophasus, is it?" said Mr. Finn. "Ain't that the name of a king in Ingy?"

"Arrah, no, father," resumed the boy. "That's the name of the hole in your throat. It's the little red lane that l'ads into your stomach. It's mighty aisy to

understand when you know all about it, as the goat said when he got the chestnut burr into his mouth."

Mr. Finn looked hard at his son to see if he was making game of him. But the face of the amateur doctor was as grave as that of a colored preacher when the collection plate is circulating, although inwardly he was agitated by slight diaphragmatic chuckles.

"Now I'll show you something you never saw before, though you have been carryin' it around wid you all your life," continued Mickey.

Taking the little mirror from the nail over the tin wash basin in the corner, Mickey placed it on the table in front of his father.

"Now, open your mouth wide and look in the glass!"

Mr. Finn opened his heavy jaws, revealing a gaping cavern.

"Look in the back of your mouth," exclaimed Mickey. "Do you see that little dingus hangin' down? That's your palate. Painters use them sometimes whin they are makin' pictures."

Mr. Finn closed his jaws.

"Shure, Mike, I niver knew you had a thing like that in your mouth before," said Mrs. Finn, reproachfully. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Faith, how could I tell you, woman, whin I didn't know it meself. Ye fay-males are hard to plaze. Go and look at your own. Women have them, don't they, Mickey?"

"Of course they do," replied the boy; "if they didn't they couldn't taste annything. But there's wan thing you don't want to forget, father," said Mickey, raising his forefinger impressively. "Always remember that deglutition is a reflex act."

"Arrah, God save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Finn, in a whirl of conflicting emotions, crossing herself devoutly as if to exorcise evil spirits, while her husband turned upon her a look of contempt, and remarked with biting sarcasm:

"Go and wash your dishes, woman, and I've science alone! Shure, you have no 'nolledge!"

Overawed, Mrs. Finn subsided with a heavy sigh, while the youthful doctor resumed his explanation:

"Father, I've told you all about how to open and shut your mouth, you know something about deglutition, zygomatica,

epilgottis and pharangeal. Now I'll tell you about your stomach, and I'll make it simple so you'll understand it. We'll say that your food has passed into the stomach. Here the gastric juices get at it, and change the albuminous compounds into peptones, d'ye see, such as metapeptone, parapeptone, and dyspeptone."

"I suppose that's what gives you the dyspepsia," interrupted Mr. Finn.

"You're right, father. Well, when all of thim quare things have a whack at it 'tis passed through the pyloric duct into the duodenum."

"Is that true, Mickey?" said Mr. Finn, in an awed tone, feeling at his waistcoat in an inquisitive manner.

While Mickey was explaining the marvels of his internal mechanism to his father his mother sat by evidently suffering great mental disquietude. As the ponderous words rolled from the mouth of her son horror shone from her eyes. Several times, when some particularly atrocious word had been spoken she arose from her chair with set lips and determination upon her lips, only to resume her seat again. Meanwhile Mickey continued his lecture ignorant of the coming storm.

"I forgot to tell you, father," he resumed, "about the pancreas."

"Is it anything like a bunch of fire-crackers?" asked Mr. Finn.

"No," replied the boy.

"And what good is it?" asked the listener.

"It makes soap suds inside of you and sponifies the fats in your insides and——"

Mrs. Finn could stand the strain no longer. She seized Mickey by the ear and lifted him from his chair. Quivering with outraged religious zeal, she exclaimed:

"Sponifies, is it! You wicked little scut, you! Me sittin' here and listenin' to you blasphemin' all night about con-niventers and jejunums and digastrics! 'Tis a wicked boy you are! And if 'tis that you're learnin' from that divvil's book 'tis not a doctor you'll be, but an ignorant ould gommoch of a quarryman like your father there in the chair! There! There!" she continued, as Mickey began to whimper, "don't cry! I didn't mane to be cruel to you, but go to bed and pray to the Blessed Virgin to take thim awful words from your mouth."

Ernest Jarrold.

HER BOYS

With tangled hair and dirty hands,
On his mouth, ah, many a crumb,
He slowly comes to my knee and stands,
Saying, "I wish mamma'd come."
My boy, my joy, my prince, my king,
I clasp him hard with delight;
And I'd die to tell him that one small thing,
That "Mamma would come to-night."
"Long she's been gone" is all that he knows,
"On a journey up to the stars"—
When the clouds a falling star disclose,
"She's coming," he cries, "see the cars."
Is he the child or am I the child?
"We both are," I cry as I write,
For though I know all, like a child, I'm wild,
Wishing "Mamma would come to-night."
—Tom Hall.

"My Mamma says 'the

CLINTON SAFETY PIN

has so many good points.' I can only find one point and that don't ever hurt me."

The reasons why the Clinton has the largest sale of any safety pin in the United States are its many good points.

- 1st. They can be hooked and unhooked from either side; a great convenience.
- 2d. They are made of tempered brass and do not bend.
- 3d. They are super-nickeled and never turn brassy.
- 4th. They have a guard that prevents cloth-catching in the coil.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
Made in Nickel Plate, Black, Rolled Gold, and Sterling Silver.

FREE on receipt of stamp for postage, samples of our Clinton Safety Pin, our new "Govan" pin and a pretty annual colored book for the children.

OAKVILLE CO., Waterbury, Conn.

It cures with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket.

NO-TO-BAC 100 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy **NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$3.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

\$5000 REWARD FOR ANY FAILURE. HAIR ON FACE

Neck and Arms removed in 3 minutes by

MME. A. RUPPERT'S DEPILATORY.



The above offer is bona-fide. Mme. Ruppert will pay to any one having hair on any part of the person that her wonderful Depilatory will not remove in 3 minutes without injury to the skin five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Mme. Ruppert refers any one interested as to her financial responsibility to the publisher of this magazine. Mme. Ruppert's Depilatory is wonderful in its action, immediately dissolving all superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms, or any part of the person. It acts like magic. One application removes entirely all disfiguring hair inside of 3 minutes. Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded. Its application is so simple that a child can

use it without the slightest injury. Mme. Ruppert has placed this wonderful **DEPILATORY** within the reach of all. A bottle will be mailed to any one in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1.00, although the price of a first-class preparation of this kind should be much higher.

Mme. A. Ruppert's **Face Bleach** has been for many years a familiar household word. Most every one knows directly or indirectly of its great merit for the removal of Freckles, Tan, sallowness, Blackheads, Pimples, etc. It has not even a competitor worthy of the name. **FACE BLEACH** sells at \$2.00 a bottle or 3 bottles taken together for \$6.00. Sent only by express. Mme. Ruppert's book, "How to be beautiful," sent free on application. Address in confidence, **MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 East 14th Street, New York City, N. Y., or 155 State Street, Chicago, Ill.**

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY.

Use **PROF. LOEBERGER'S**

Germ Destroying Tablets.

The Best Disinfectant ever offered for sale
No House should be without one.
They Purify the Atmosphere.

They are essential not only in all sick rooms, hospitals, nurseries, bedrooms, schools, work-shops, and all public places, but also in bath-rooms and toilets. Destroy bacteria and prevent the spread of all infectious diseases. Acknowledged by the leaders of the medical profession to be

THE BEST

The Tablets are put up in a handsome japanned box. Only necessary to hang the box upon the wall and open the slide. (The Tablets do the rest.)

Retains its full strength for three months.

Save money and trouble for Doctor and Patient and buy

**PROF. LOEBERGER'S
Germ Destroying Tablets.**

Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50c.

**The New York Disinfecting Co.,
149 DUANE ST. and 147 W. BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.**

When writing to advertisers please mention *Ainslee's Magazine*.

• Servants of Relief •

"This effort of the Servants of Relief might well be called a tribute of love to the women who are poor, and abandoned to suffering, as we would offer, as a tribute of love, the most practical care for the wounded on a battle-field. The wounded soldiers are helpless as a result of courage; the sick poor are helpless as a result of neglect. The soldiers are dear to us as citizens of our country; the poor are dear to us also as citizens of our country."—*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop* in *AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE* for August, 1898.

A HEROINE IN PEACE

The above quotation is taken from a most pathetic and powerful paper by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, which will be published in *AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE* for August. The article will be illustrated by a few but appropriate photographs of Mrs. Lathrop's present home for the caring of the sick poor in New York.

The daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne has inherited the gift of tongues from her most illustrious and noble father; and this, the second plea through *AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE* for public interest in and public subscription to her glorious charity, is vibrant with that irresistible eloquence of the soul.

Mrs. Lathrop's specific need in her life-work is funds to meet the ever-increasing needs which the ever-increasing success of her enterprise makes imperative. No contribution is too humble; none can be too munificent.

The sincerity and trustworthiness of the originator, sponsor and prime mover of this herculean task is unimpeachable. Indeed it is discourteous even to feel the need of mentioning it. The great sacrifice that Mrs. Lathrop has made of a future full of literary promise for a career of much care and toil and melancholy is the simplest and most excellent testimony to her rare character.

The Servants of Relief, the order for tending to the sick poor, to found and maintain which is the highest ambition of Mrs. Lathrop, will be the ultimate development of her temporary infirmary now at 668 Water street, New York. In the paper entitled "A Tribute of Love," which may be read in *AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE* for August, this truly great woman outlines the plans, and honestly states and forcibly overcomes the obstacles to her sublime idea.

MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP desires to express her especial and fervent gratitude to those readers of this magazine who responded so promptly and so generously to her first appeal in the April issue of this year.

Col. Richard Henry Savage's *Series of Short Stories*

The Senior Major of the U. S. Volunteer Engineer Brigade, who has secured such an eminent position among the novelists of the day by a score of novels, among which are "My Official Wife," and "A Modern Corsair," and which have been translated into a score of foreign languages, will soon contribute a series of short stories to AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. These tales are stirring, dramatic sketches of adventure and romance, collected from the remarkable voyages which Col. Savage has undertaken in almost every corner of the globe. Further, in each and every one of them is embodied a realistic and fascinating study of the countries and peoples which the author has visited and observed.

Ainslee's Magazine is Fortunate

in securing the contributions of an author at once so vivid and so versatile, since it has been the policy hitherto of Col. Savage to confine all his literary efforts to the longer novel form.

The title and date of the appearance of the first of these excellent tales will be announced in AINSLEE'S for August, published July 25th.

La Rose Combs

FOR WOMEN

Its Points of Merit:

Dries the Hair Quickly
Invaluable after the Bath
Cleans the Hair Without
Wetting
Removes the Oil and Dust
A Boon to Cyclists
Saves Trouble
Saves Time
Is Simplicity Itself



"A Contented Woman" writes:

NEW YORK, March 31, 1897.

Gentlemen: During my constant use of La Rose Comb I discovered that it served as a cleaner fully as well as a dryer. The significance of this will be appreciated by the millions of women thus emancipated from the disagreeable necessity of having to wet the hair.

CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT.

LaRose Combs

are composed of three simple parts: A pure rubber comb, especially designed for the purpose. An absorbent band of terry cloth, which of itself would tend to give the hair softness and gloss, while collecting dust and dandruff or drying the hair after washing. A light, non-rustable holder, silver-plated, and silver-plated handle. Combs thoroughly tested by many women, and a hair-dresser of long experience, who having given them most persistent trial pronounces them ideal. There are absolutely no chemicals or other preparations of any kind or description used on the absorbents. The hair is cleaned solely by the absorbent on both sides of the comb holder, which only requires to be kept clean.

The complete outfit—comb and cleaner combined—is \$1.00 by mail postpaid. One will last a lifetime.

And after using it merely as a hair cleaner for a month you wouldn't be without it for a hundred dollars.

Remit by check, post office order, or registered letter to

THE COTTIER MANUFACTURING CO.

150 Nassau Street, New York City

Money back after 30 days' trial if it isn't all we represent it to be.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, New York, Wholesale Agents for the United States.

When writing to advertisers please mention Ainslee's Magazine.

THE DAWN OF WOMANHOOD

Earnest Words From Mrs. Pinkham to Mothers Who Have Daughters, and a Letter From Mrs. Dunmore, of Somerville, Mass.

The advent of womanhood is fraught with dangers which even careful mothers too often neglect.

One of the dangers to a young woman is belated menstruation. "The lily droops on its stem and dies before its beauty is unfolded;" or she may have entered into the perfection of womanhood with little apparent inconvenience or disorder of health. But suddenly the menses entirely cease.



Mother, puberlic malady is taking hold of your daughter, and quick consumption may follow! Take instant steps to produce regular menstruation.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certain to assist nature to perform her regular duties, procure it at once; there are volumes of testimony from grateful mothers who have had their daughters' health restored by its use. If personal advice is desired, write quickly to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. It will be given you without charge, and it will be the advice of abundant experience and success.

Read the following from Mrs. CHARLES DUNMORE, 102 Fremont St., Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass.:

"I was in pain day and night; my doctor did not seem to help me. I could not seem to find any relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had inflammation of the womb, a bearing-down pain, and the whites very badly. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep at night. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a few months, and am now all right. Before that I took morphine pills for my pains; that was a great mistake, for the relief was only momentary and the effect vile. I am so thankful to be relieved of my sufferings, for the pains I had were something terrible."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND; A WOMAN'S REMEDY FOR WOMAN'S ILLS.

In writing to advertisers please mention *Ainslee's Magazine*.

PLEASE TRY

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC



10¢
25¢ 50¢

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE HEALTH OF THE HAIR

determines its abundance and its beauty. How to treat the hair, to preserve its health, so that it does not fade or fall, and how to restore hair when bald, is told fully in a pamphlet which is sent free on request.

Address, CAPILLARY PUB. CO.

176 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.

Vol. II of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

Begins Next Month
Subscribe Now

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. **STOP SMOKING!** **NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1. Usually cures; 3 boxes, \$2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT FOR A DIME.

This photographic outfit is unique and wonderful. It is the latest and greatest of inventions, enabling you to produce a real photograph in the most novel manner every minute. No CHEMICALS or DARK ROOM necessary. NEEDS NO PRACTICE. You can supply your friends with pictures and earn the trifling cost easily. This offer is made for a limited time only, in order to introduce the most ingenious invention of the nineteenth century. We will send this MARVELOUS PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT, carefully packed and postpaid, with full directions, on receipt of 10 cents. Address PHOTO OUTFIT CO., 800 Temple Court, New York.

When writing to advertisers please mention Ainslee's Magazine.

CHILDREN TEETHING

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy
FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHÆA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, and take no other kind.

Twenty-Five a Cents Bottle.

THE RUB

"You bought me," declared the bride.
"Well, you knew it at the time," retorted the groom.

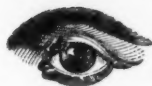
"Yes, but I did not know that you were spending all your money for me. I thought that you had a few dollars left."

MARRIAGE PAPER, Catalogue Rubber Goods, Novelties, etc., Free.
J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

All Kinds of watches from 98c. upwards; catalogue sent free.
SAFE WATCH CO., P. O. Box 130, N. Y.

A NEW DISCOVERY

"Diamond Crystal Eye-Glasses."



Superior to all other glasses for Reading or Distance. Guaranteed to cure Weak Eyes and Poor Sight, Pain about the Eye, Headache, Nervousness, Neuralgia.

These glasses can be used for hours in the strongest light and they will not tire nor strain, but strengthen and invigorate the Eyes. Glasses fitted by mail, provided you answer the following questions: *How old? Ever wear glasses? How long? Do your Eyes tire when reading at night? Can you see better by holding print at an increased distance? Can you recognize a person at a distance of 120 feet? What do you want to use glasses for?*

Price of these glasses, with a **Warranted Gold** plated frame, **\$2.95.**

Make your friend a beautiful and useful present.

These Glasses are manufactured Especially for OPTICAL Use

Can be had only from

GEORGE MAYERLE, Expert Optician,

(GERMAN OPTICAL INSTITUTE.)

28 Third Street, - - San Francisco, Cal.

AN ARGUMENT FOR ADVERTISERS

The Reading Public which is at once economical and intelligent, buys a magazine that costs little, not for its cheapness, but for its literary and artistic value. This same public constitutes the surest patronage of the best advertisers, *i. e.*, those who advertise solid worth at fair prices.

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE is supported by such an economical and intelligent public.

When writing to advertisers please mention Ainslie's Magazine

Superfluous Hair



I suffered for years with a humiliating growth of hair on my face, and tried many remedies without success; but I ultimately discovered the true secret for permanent removal of hair, and for six years have been applying my treatment to others, thereby rendering happiness to, and gaining thanks of thousands of ladies. I assert, and will prove to you, that my depilatory treatment will destroy the follicle and otherwise permanently remove the hair forever. No trace is left on the skin after using, and the treatment can be applied privately by yourself in your own chamber.

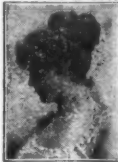
If you are troubled, write to me for further information, and I will convince you of all I claim. I will give prompt, personal, and strictly confidential attention to your letter. Being a woman, I know of the delicacy of such a matter as this, and act accordingly. Address, inclosing two stamps.

HELEN MARKO, 156 G. Fifth Ave., NEW YORK CITY.

Beauty

of **FACE and FORM** can be gained by my treatment: **IMPROVEMENT** will begin the first day, and after a short time you will delight in yourself and your friends by acquiring a charmingly transparent, clean, pure velvety skin, lustrous eyes, and (if needed) development of the cheeks, neck, etc. I give my personal attention to you by mail, guaranteeing success; distance makes no difference. Address, confidentially, for particulars, which I will send sealed in plain envelope.

Mme. HUNTLEY, P. O. Box 3032, New York, N. Y.



MORPHINE

Laudanum, Cocaine and all other
DRUG HABITS.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT AT HOME.

Painless, Harmless, Sure, Permanent, Entirely New.

We will send any one addicted to Morphine, or other drug habits, a trial treatment sufficient for ten days, **FREE OF CHARGE**, of the most remarkable remedy for this purpose ever discovered, containing the first vital principle, lacking in all other remedies. Send name and address, and prove the truth or falsity of our claims, at our expense. Correspondence invited from all, especially with Physicians. From the time of taking first dose of our remedy, all desire for drugs disappears. You begin at once to sleep well, eat well, and gain weight and strength. The only remedy that cures without causing patient any suffering whatever. Extractory cases solicited. Indorsed by Physicians, and dissimilar in every respect from any other known treatment. Our remedy is sure and permanent, and at end of treatment, leaves patient with health entirely recovered, and free from all desires formerly possessing them. Correspondence strictly confidential.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY,

1183 Broadway, N. Y. City.

It treats with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, with out nervous distress, eripela, nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket. **STOP CHEWING!** 1,500,000 boxes sold, 400,000 cases cured. Buy **NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box \$1, usually cures; 5 boxes, \$5. Guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

FREE TRY IT FREE

The Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic

FREE THIS MONTH

DO NOT MISS THIS CHANCE.



In order that all may be benefited by their Celebrated Complexion Tonic, The Misses Bell, of 78 Fifth Ave., New York City, will, during the present month, give to all callers at their parlors, one trial bottle of their wonderful Tonic absolutely free, and in order that those who cannot call or who live away from New York City may be supplied also, they will send one bottle to any address, all charges prepaid, on receipt of twenty-five cents (stamps or silver). This

LIBERAL OFFER

should be embraced by all. The Complexion Tonic has been used for years in personal treatment, and is guaranteed to remove Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Oiliness, Roughness, Enlarged Pores, and all imperfections of the skin, making the

COMPLEXION BEAUTIFUL

no matter how homely it was before. Do not fail to take advantage of this liberal offer, and call for one trial bottle, or send twenty-five cents (stamps or silver) and it will be sent, all charges prepaid. The Misses Bell's Book, "Some Secrets of Female Beauty," will be sent free upon request. All communications are treated strictly confidential. Address

**THE MISSES BELL, or
THE BELL TOILET CO., 78 Fifth Avenue
Dept. A, New York.**

PUTTING IT ANY WAY YOU LIKE



HERE IS SOMETHING FOR NOTHING!

FOR A LIMITED TIME WE ARE PRIVILEGED TO OFFER A LIMITED NUMBER OF

Richter's **"ANCHOR BLOCKS"**

BOX No. 4 CONTAINING 47 STONES FOR AT LEAST 92 DIFFERENT DESIGNS.

Sold Everywhere at the Uniform Price of \$1.00 a Set.

DESCRIPTION OF THE "ANCHOR BLOCKS:"



The "ANCHOR BLOCKS" cannot be equaled by any wooden blocks or any other blocks in the world. It would be like comparing base products with works of art, and the "ANCHOR BLOCKS" are Works of Art. Their value as an educational factor, even of the smallest box, is unsurpassed and defies competition.

Children play with them more steadily and with considerable more enjoyment, not only on account of the magnificent structures to be built with these blocks, but also owing to the fact that the structures do not collapse when near completion, as it is the case with the obsolete wooden blocks.

Building with the "ANCHOR BLOCKS" in 3 natural colors is so



interesting and entertaining, that even adults take a keen delight in erecting the many beautiful designs, in leisure hours.

HOW TO GET THEM FREE.

In order to introduce our Magazine "TRAINED MOTHERHOOD," we will send to any subscriber not now on our books, who sends us \$1.00 for a year's subscription, the entire \$1.00 of Anchor Blocks free, the only expense to the subscriber being the cost of expressage from our office to destination.

Remember, this is not an offer of \$1.00's worth of toys worth 30 or 40 cents, but what cost you \$1.00 in any store in the country.

"TRAINED MOTHERHOOD" now in its second year is regarded the world over as the one authority on all subjects of children's health, pleasure, dress and baby comfort and education. It is what every mother needs, and of itself it is the biggest dollar's worth in the country. With this premium you get it, or the blocks, for nothing!

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

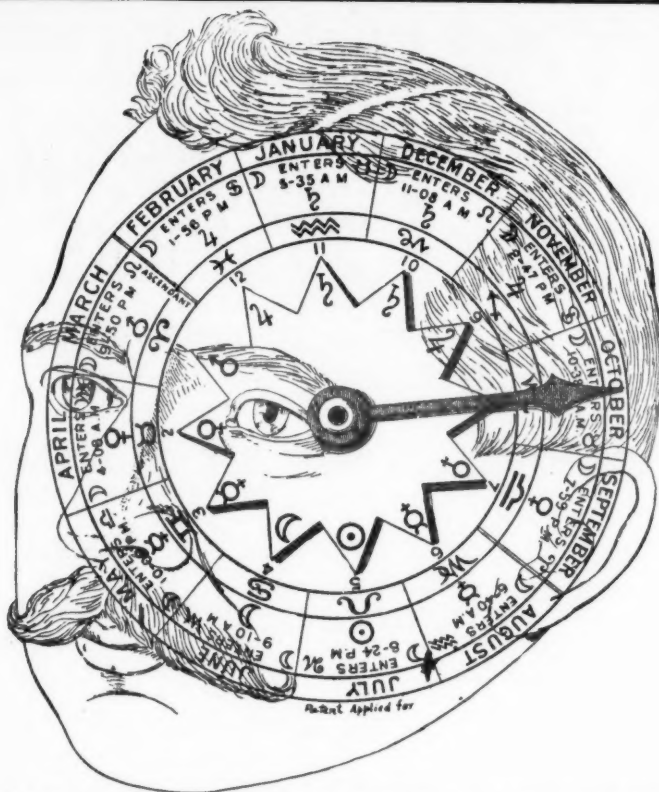
THE MOTHERHOOD COMPANY,

150 NASSAU STREET,

NEW YORK.

When writing to advertisers please mention Ainslee's Magazine.

A WHEEL OF FORTUNE ON A \$2,000,000 FACE.



BE YOUR OWN ASTROLOGER AND PHYSICIAN

Send to JOHN H. WOODBURY, D. I., for his most useful and valuable little "KEY TO HEALTH," enabling you to cast your own Horoscope and that of your friends, also to be your own Diagnostician.

Vibration is the great secret to all ills of a mind and body. The Planets act directly upon the physiological condition of the people. If you have a strong influence from Saturn you may have trouble with the eyes, deafness, consumption, while Neptune sometimes causes paralysis. Uranus gives one nervous attacks, and Mercury high fevers.

To treat all of these various ailments one must be prepared to diagnose according to the vibratory law.

This little Book is "Multum in parvo." It contains many instructive points and rare bits of curious Literature, such as the jewels and talismen that are lucky for you, that should be worn by you according to your Birthday.

It also contains the language and sentiments that are spoken in the deep, though voiceless eloquence of Flowers.

Instructions for casting your Horoscope, advising you what enterprises to undertake; what companions to cultivate; what business to follow; what dangers threaten you; what snares to avoid; how to secure congenial companion for life, and avoid unhappy marriages; what accidents and misfortunes will befall you under your Planetary Influences, and how to avoid them; to what diseases you are liable and how to ward them off, to overcome them, if already contracted, and many other most useful and edifying features, making it "WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD," while affording any amount of amusement and entertainment for evenings at home in reading the Destiny of your friends.

This is arranged upon the most Scientific basis, and in accordance with the accepted authorities—the Oracles and Magi of the Orient—and the most approved Science of the Wonderful Secrets of Occultism of ancient Egypt and the Chaldeans.

These are made so plain by a movable diagram of the Houses of Coelum and Zodiacal signs. Planetary Polarities and Influences, as well as the Lunar relations, that any one can comprehend it.

This little Book is unique in shape and appearance, and an ingenious device, beautifully illustrated and lithographed in six colors, and will be sent to any address upon receipt of THREE (3) OUTSIDE WRAPPERS OF WOODBURY'S REGULAR SIZE FACIAL SOAP or 25c. in silver or stamps.

Address JOHN H. WOODBURY, D. I., 127 West 42d St., New York City.

When writing to advertisers please mention Ainslee's Magazine.